The 'New Men' of the Soviet Sixties

May 9, 1963 35¢

Australia: White Island in a Brown Sea

THE REPORTER

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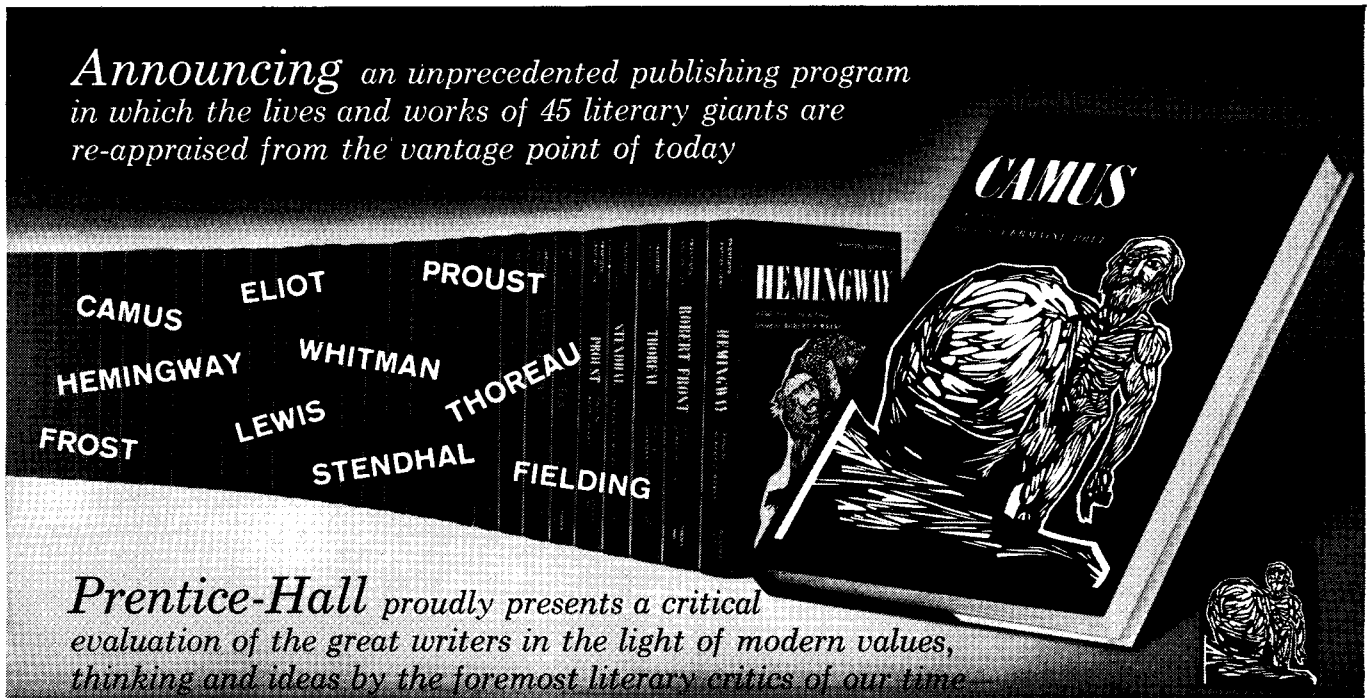

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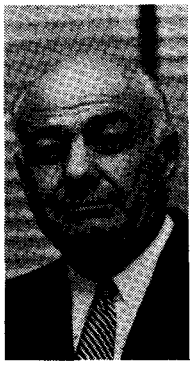

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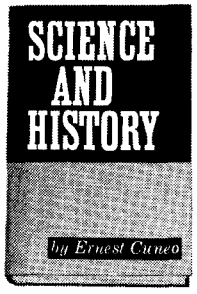

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

FOR A WHILE it looked as if Russian artists and writers might be given at least a measure of freedom as part of Khrushchev's de-Stalinization efforts, and when **Priscilla Johnson** went to Russia for *The Reporter* last fall she found an atmosphere of ferment and hopefulness. But abstract painting and modern poetry are much too apt to encourage other sorts of self-expression or even dissent, and those who let up on the pressure soon found it necessary to clamp down again. **Abraham Brumberg** reports on the form this repression has taken in recent weeks. Miss Johnson, whose article "Old Terrors and New Doubts" appeared in our issue of December 6, 1962, spent two years in Russia for the North American Newspaper Alliance. Mr. Brumberg is the editor of the bimonthly journal *Problems of Communism*, which is published by the United States Information Agency. He is also the editor of *Russia Under Khrushchev* (Praeger).

IN MARCH a storm of controversy broke in Australia about the United States plan to build a naval radio station on the northwest coast of the Commonwealth as part of the world-wide network of communication for Polaris submarines. **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist, surveys the gradual change in Australia's attitudes toward defense resulting from the decline of British power and the growth of Communist strength in Asia. . . . Sir Roy Welensky's desperate attempt to retain power over Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland has failed. **Claire Sterling** writes from Salisbury on the break-up of the Federation and on the future prospects of Southern Rhodesia—the only remaining white-ruled state between the new African countries and the Republic of South Africa. . . . **Barbara Carter,** who went to Mississippi recently to report on the progress of Negro voter registration there, discusses the fate of a white lawyer who made the mistake of trying to handle civil-rights cases under the rather unusual juridical conditions prevailing in that state.

THE ADMINISTRATION has recently been accused of "managing" the news. **Ward S. Just** tosses a joke into the serious debate on this matter: What would happen, he asks, if one day the "managers" stopped managing altogether? . . . **Maya Pines,** one of the authors of *Retarded Children Can Be Helped* (Channel), informs us that Glens Falls, New York, known to the enthusiasts of sports cars for its annual races, has another claim to fame: the town is determined that its children shall grow up with a knowledge of the world as a community and has organized its schools from kindergarten up to see that they do. . . . **Gerald Weales,** who teaches in the department of English in the University of Pennsylvania and whose most recent book is *American Drama Since World War II* (Harcourt, Brace & World), went to see Bertolt Brecht's play, *Mother Courage and Her Children*. He concludes that the message it conveys is not perhaps as earth shattering as the German playwright's devotees proclaim. . . . **George Steiner** does not agree with Hannah Arendt's evaluation of the comparative merits of the French and American Revolutions. Mr. Steiner, whose latest book is *The Death of Tragedy* (Knopf), is a Fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge, England. . . . **Hilton Kramer** who teaches at Bennington College, Vermont, reviews the autobiography of the painter and photographer, Man Ray. . . . **Virgilia Peterson,** lecturer and book reviewer, is the author of *A Matter of Life and Death* (Atheneum; paper back, Bantam).

Our cover, an impression of the Bratsk power project in Siberia, is by **Don Moulton.**

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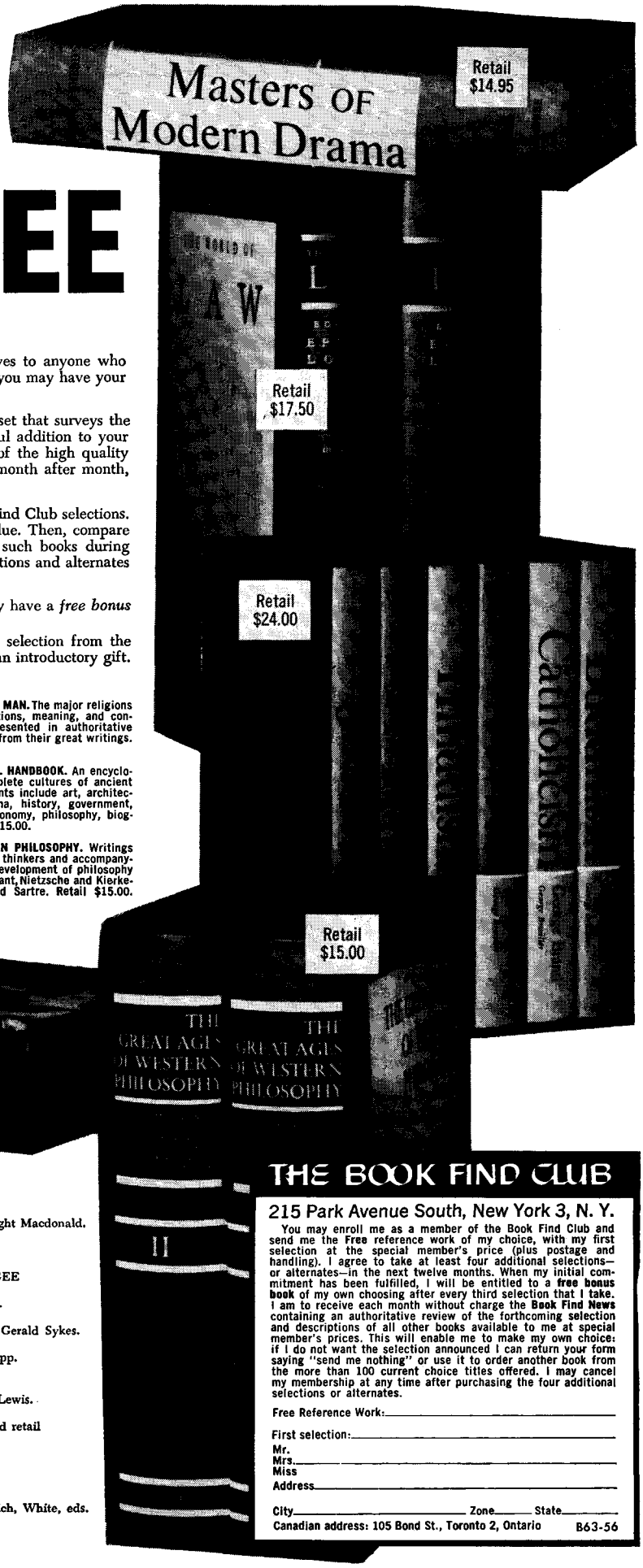

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To the Editor: I detect divided loyalties in your magazine.

The Reporter of March 28 runs a self-promotion advertisement on page 50 extolling, among other matters, a poll on magazine popularity. "In a survey of Washington correspondents," says your ad, "71 of 83 voted *The Reporter* 'most fair and reliable' among magazines reporting politics."

On page 16 of the same issue, "The Reporter Notes" give a playful jibe to the U.S. Information Agency for taking ". . . polls to measure what foreigners think of us . . ." Plainly, what is fair game for commentary early in the magazine becomes fair stuff for commendation later in the issue—at least, if it commends your magazine. Am I to assume USIA would be in your good graces had our overseas polling been directed to the popularity of your magazine?

Probably not; your own ad quotes you yourself as saying: "Our usefulness to the administration is in direct relation to our independence of it." Since we are thus fated to remain ever independent of one another, I am left only with your divided loyalties in explanation; a poll is good only if it says *The Reporter* is good. Really, gentlemen, what is an "independent" news magazine coming to?

Polling, to turn serious for a few column inches, is really serious business in certain circumstances. Our business at USIA is essentially other men's minds. The war we wage is not to win men's minds but to free them—free them from ignorance and doubts, from suspicion and prejudice and even hate. This country is not everywhere loved. At times it is not even everywhere trusted. If this sounds harsh to an American ear, it is because we often listen only to good things said about this country.

On the premise that the United States has much of which to be proud and something which is of value to others, the U.S. Information Agency operates to tell the story of America abroad, or, as mentioned at my confirmation hearing, to make our policy everywhere intelligible and wherever possible palatable. An integral part of that is discovering what other people think of the U.S.: what about us do they treat with scorn, what do they accept as true, what do they dislike because they know too little, what do they have no impression of because they are ignorant of us? If you would talk to other peoples you must first find what other peoples think. And so we ask them. In a word, we use polls to ask them.

But there is now something I would put to you. Some of your remarks are puzzling.

You poke fun at a poll allegedly made of Canadians. USIA does not poll in Canada.

You quote again from a poll done in France. Yet the poll was not even done by USIA.

You say Cambodian radio-set owners aren't interested in "a damn thing outside of Cambodia." Obviously you didn't read the paper well, because the very same page related such important facts as Cambodians having twice as much interest in foreign governments and leaders as opposed to foreign peoples and the way they live, a heavy reliance on radio for information as opposed to other media of communication, a great enthusiasm for motion pictures, and an openness to Communist influences as opposed to Western influences—all of these, you would agree, of some passing interest to USIA.

You attempt light satire on the "communications habits of the Chinese minority in Bangkok and southern Thailand." This is a strange gambit for a worldly magazine. The Chinese in Thailand are a quasi-elite minority and a crucial factor in the Thai economy. Their loyalty is assiduously wooed by both the Nationalist and Communist Chinese governments as well as by the Thai government. The so-called "overseas Chinese" are one of the classical political problems of Southeast Asia.

Yet you dismiss the matter in an attempt at humor as being "rather dull reading." One is almost tempted to paraphrase your words and say, "Aren't you interested in a damn thing outside the United States?"

Ridicule is a useful journalism tool when properly used, but a correct fact or two is also useful. No one from *The Reporter* magazine even bothered to check on the story with the agency, let alone talk with anyone here. As a minimum, your story would have been improved by accuracy. I wonder if a news magazine's independence should go even so far as to have its reporters totally independent of any contact with the subject of its reporting.

I suppose, however, we are both brothers under the skin. *The Reporter* tries to reach key people in Washington, and we do the same overseas. Your survey was made in an attempt to find who reads the magazine (USIA reads it—we have 247 subscriptions abroad and 12 here in Washington), what people think of it, and how you might reach more people more effectively. In a nutshell, that is exactly the same reason USIA polls.

We spend taxpayers' dollars to send many American magazines abroad, including the copies of your magazine mentioned above. We shall of course continue to do this. I write as an aggrieved subscriber of 259 biweekly copies of *The Reporter* only because in this one instance your practice fell

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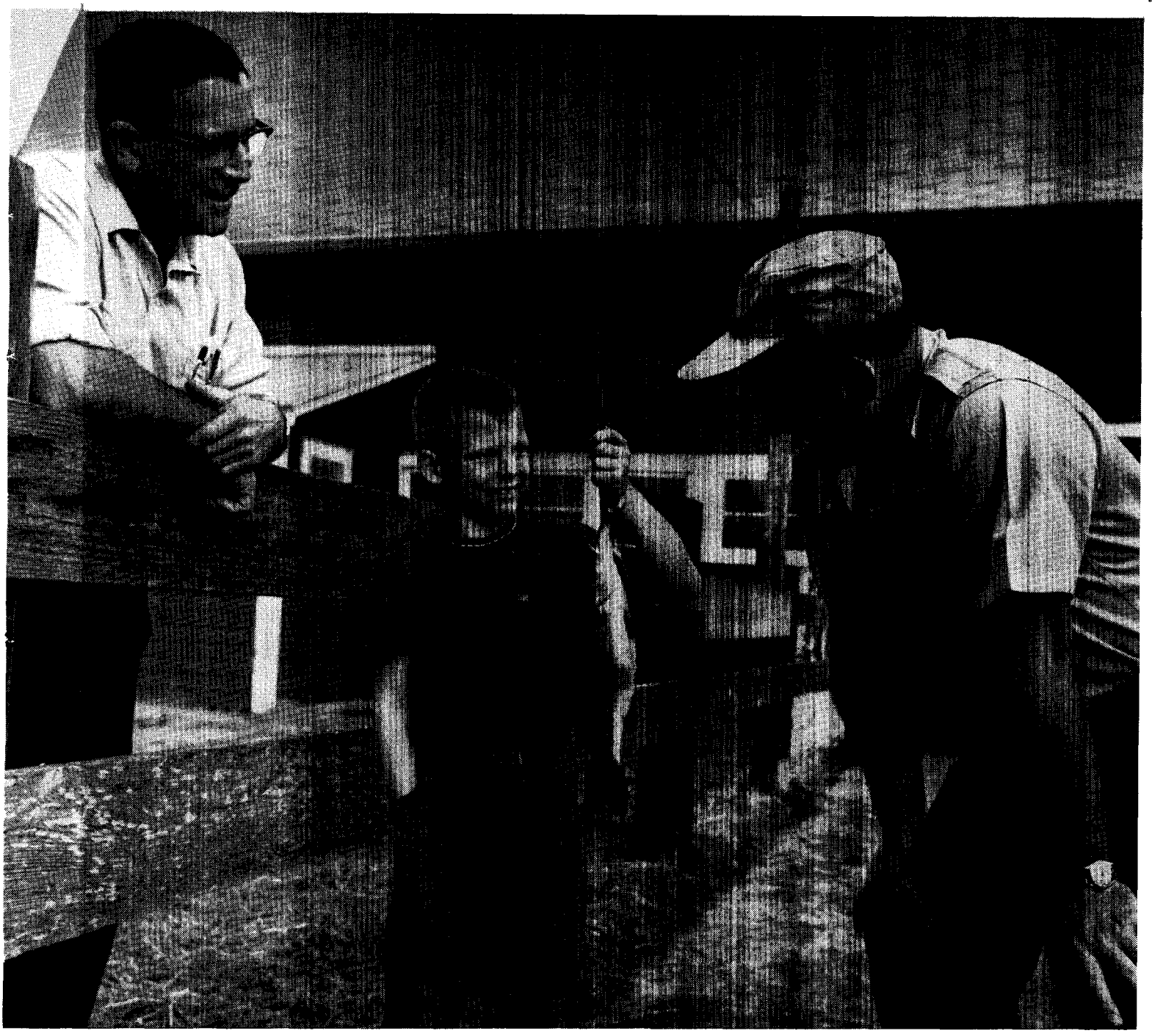

For 14 years Bob Thompson (right) has helped Jack McCarley with electrical projects designed to make farming easier and more profitable. Here Thompson, district agricultural development engineer for the Carolina Power & Light Co., chats with Jack and grandson Johnny on the McCarley farm near Wilmington, N. C.

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short of your pretensions. As journalists you are usually splendid; as satirists I still prefer Swift and Lewis Carroll.

EDWARD R. MURROW, Director
United States Information Agency
Washington, D.C.

The Editor replies:

I couldn't agree more with Mr. Murrow when he says that we are brothers under the skin. *The Reporter* relies above all on its work to maintain whatever influence it has acquired, and only very occasionally does it try to size up this influence by using polls. I am sure that the USIA spends only a very limited amount of its time on poll-taking and for its success relies mostly on its own work, which is to present the truth about our country. This means checking and rechecking the facts. Incidentally, this is exactly what one of our Washington reporters did in the case of the Note on the USIA. He went to the public-relations department of that agency and was told that Cambodian radio owners "really weren't interested in anything outside Cambodia." Anyway, our gentle criticism was not so much of the polls themselves as of the oracular way in which they are released to the public.

In one more thing I agree with Mr. Murrow: he says that our aim is to reach key people in Washington, and he himself offers the best possible evidence of the fact that sometimes we reach them with a vengeance, and they react accordingly.—M.A.

THE NUCLEAR DILEMMA

To the Editor: In the March 28 issue of *The Reporter*, Henry A. Kissinger ("NATO'S Nuclear Dilemma") writes:

"In the light of this, it is not easy to understand the repeated expressions of outrage by administration spokesmen about European doubts with respect to the continued validity of our nuclear guarantee. . . . It is not easy to see what other interpretation can be made of the following statement by Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense Alain C. Enthoven on February 10: '. . . We will have no sensible alternative to building up our conventional forces to the point at which they can safely resist all forms of non-nuclear aggression. Our forces will be adequate if we can never be forced because of weakness to be the first to have to resort to nuclear weapons.'"

One possible other interpretation was the one intended and stated two pages earlier in the address from which Mr. Kissinger quoted. There I said:

"In fact, reflection on the problem should convince most reasonable men that the threat of the ultimate use of nuclear weapons, if required, is much more credible to an aggressor who sees that to accomplish his objective he must first defeat a large and effective conventional force. If he succeeds in doing that, the issue at stake is likely by then to be vital for the defender."

Moreover, the quotation in question

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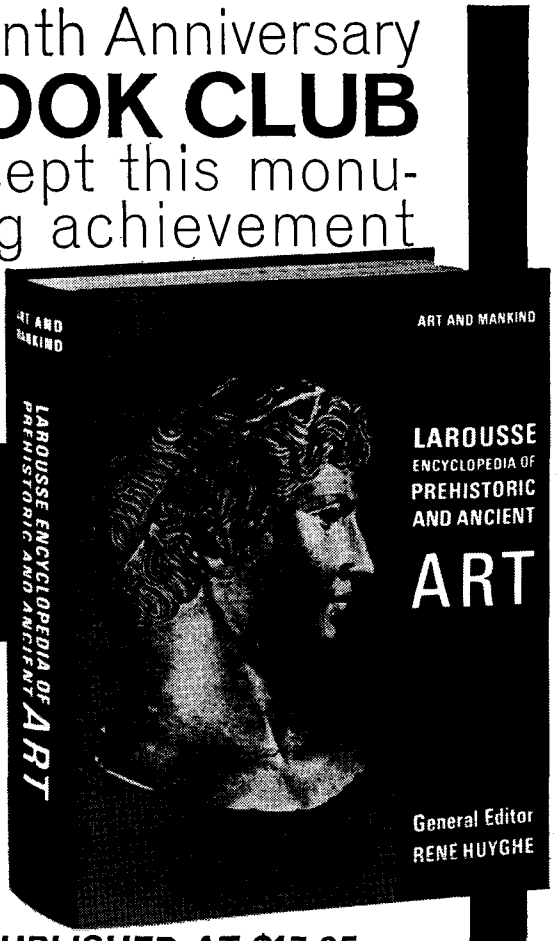

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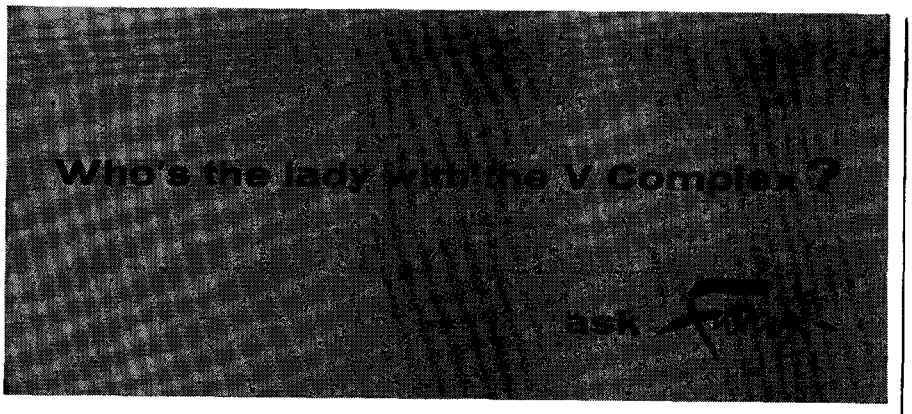

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Acrostician— Roy Welensky

was lifted out of context and only a part of one of my sentences was used. By leaving out the associated explanation, Mr. Kissinger gives the impression that my statement represents a weakening of American resolve rather than a sensible proposed readjustment of Alliance strategy to changing conditions. I object strongly to this kind of scholarship. The complete paragraph follows:

"In summary, conventional military force is usable force. In Korea and in the Cuban crisis, we found that the non-nuclear forces were the cutting edge of our military power. We can use conventional force with a minimal risk of self-destruction. Therefore, it provides a more credible deterrent to non-nuclear aggression. As the destructiveness of nuclear war increases, and as nuclear weapon systems become less vulnerable to sudden attack, the effectiveness of the threatened use of nuclear weapons as a substitute for conventional forces will diminish, and we will have no sensible alternative to building up our conventional forces to the point at which they can safely resist all forms of non-nuclear aggression. Our forces will be adequate if we can never be forced because of weakness to be the first to have to resort to nuclear weapons."

Of course, Mr. Kissinger can document our alleged inconsistency if he insists on taking suitable passages for quotation out of context.

It is only natural that an Alliance made up of sovereign nations should have more than one view of the best strategy for its defense, and it would be foolish to describe every honest disagreement as "a crisis of confidence." It is ironic to be told that U.S. single-mindedness on strategy has led to an impasse in NATO during a period in which there is taking place such a marked strengthening of NATO's capability to meet a much wider range of possible contingencies. This is perhaps more eloquent testimony of the state of the Alliance than Mr. Kissinger's on the alleged "crisis of confidence."

ALAIN ENTHOVEN
Deputy Assistant Secretary
of Defense
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Kissinger replies:

For someone who complains about being quoted out of context, Mr. Enthoven demonstrates a considerable aptitude in this respect. Rather than engage in a repetition of what I did say, I suggest that your readers look at the full text of the appropriate paragraphs in the middle column of page twenty-three of your issue of March 28, including the sentences Mr. Enthoven has omitted. They will then be able to judge for themselves that my point was not the one Mr. Enthoven "refuted." I tried to explain European concerns brought about by the change in our strategic doctrine. I said that these concerns, while understandable, were not inevitable.

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They were caused by the manner with which we have pressed our program and by our tendency to let purely technical considerations outweigh the perhaps more important political and psychological factors. It seems to me that I quoted Mr. Enthoven accurately with respect to his views about our changed strategic conceptions and that he has failed to address himself to my arguments.

DRUGS

To the Editor: Morton Mintz ("New Drugs: Is Government Supervision Adequate?," *The Reporter*, March 28) has much insight into the situation, and I am on the whole in full agreement with his tenets. My only point of difference is in my feeling that the situation is rather worse than he portrays it. From personal visits and contact with the Bureau of Medicine, I can witness for the despondency of their staff in still not being given anything like appropriate facilities to fulfill the important tasks entrusted them by Congress.

The medical departments of the drug industry, on the other hand, seem to be frozen in a quite negative attitude, letting it be known to us in the universities and to the medical profession in general how difficult, nay impossible, *any* research will be under the new laws.

The universities and the National Institutes of Health, unfortunately, have not felt the urge to contribute in any substantial way to the utilization of this unique opportunity to put drug research on a scientific basis, and have shown a lack of foresight similar to our colleagues in the pharmaceutical industry.

Little can be gained, in my view, at this stage by self-accusation and witch hunting in any of the three main elements of what must eventually be a partnership in drug research. The laws have been passed, the regulations are in effect, and if the administration will give the Food and Drug Administration the facilities of space, dynamic administration, and a research-minded outlook, it behooves our colleagues in industry and the universities to show some patience and forbearance in the coming months.

Unless the present bickering among the FDA, industry, and universities is replaced by a feeling of common interest, an historic opportunity will have been missed for this country to pioneer in the rationalization of drug research.

FREDERICK WOLFF, M.D.
Baltimore

To the Editor: I should like to thank you for printing Mr. Mintz's discussions of the lax drug authorization procedures of the FDA. The AMA enjoys considerable influence in Washington. Why hasn't it crusaded for thorough investigation of new drugs?

MRS. PETER W. AMBLER
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Vagabond Kings

What makes an issue an issue, and when is it no longer one? This year most of our worrying is concentrated on the tax structure. Last year medical care for the aged was the big thing. The year before it was Federal funds for public schools. Typically, a period of intense concern is followed by either legislative failure or sudden indifference, or both. We do not pretend to understand this phenomenon, but it has occurred to us that the very paraphernalia of concern—that sudden spate of articles, speeches, studies, and pledges —may function as a substitute for action rather than as a stimulation to action. In other words, as soon as everyone has made his position clear, we are free to turn our attention to something else.

Any number of national problems have been disposed of in this fashion, but none more flagrantly so than that of the migrant farm workers—remember them?—who were the objects of so much solicitude and attention just three years ago. Whatever happened to them? The answer is: practically nothing—some new state laws, a few benefits from general legislation. "The long-standing, brutalizing facts of the migratory labor problem are rediscovered every few years," Senator Harrison Williams (D., New Jersey) told a Senate subcommittee recently. "Each rediscovery prompts a surge of study, doggedly followed by a horde of recommendations. The migratory farm families, having prompted countless studies, continue to live almost in a state of medieval poverty."

What the studies have shown is, by now, pretty familiar stuff: being uneducated, unskilled, and unprotected by most modern welfare and labor legislation, some 400,000 migrant farm workers plus their families continue to live in sub-standard housing, to be paid sub-standard wages, to enjoy sub-standard health, and to be treated by many of their employers with sub-standard decency.

The recommendations have become almost as familiar as the studies. The proposals considered most bold and least likely to succeed are extension of the minimum-wage law and of NLRB coverage to migrant workers. Those considered politically more feasible are Federal registration of crew leaders; Federal grants to states to improve education, housing, health, sanitation and day-care facilities; establishment of a national advisory council; establishment of a farm-employment service; and finally an extension of child-labor legislation. All these measures have in fact been incorporated into bills and introduced by Senator Williams over the past few years. One, authorizing the Federal government to spend $3 million annually in grants to the states for health care has been enacted into law, but in its first year of operation it is already being trimmed by the House Appropriations Committee. The others were defeated and have been introduced again this year.

The problem of translating good intentions into effective political action is very much on everyone's mind in Washington these days, and a history of the unsuccessful efforts to ameliorate the lot of the migrants provides some useful lessons. One is

AIM TO PLEASE

"Archery 'Lanes' Hope to Rival Bowling With Automated Targets—Push-Button Device Returns Arrows, Target to Fans."—Wall Street Journal

I shot an arrow in the air,
It hit a target over there,
I pressed a button where I stood
And pitied sorry Robin Hood,
Who had to walk to what he hit
To get his arrow out of it.

—SEC

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that double-talk, apathy, and laziness on the part of many in both Congress and the administration who are verbally committed to migrant-labor legislation has cost just as dearly as organized opposition. Last October, for example, after Williams had maneuvered his child-labor provisions through the Senate and after the necessary strength appeared to have been mustered in the House, the House ended up by amending it to death. Why? "It was an election-year Thursday," one Senate aide explained. "It got late and the liberal Congressmen from the East went home to campaign."

Being the constituents of no one in particular, the migrant workers depend as much on the seriousness of "do-good" lobbies as they do on the seriousness of "do-good" Congressmen. But except for certain church groups, particularly the National Catholic Welfare Conference and the National Council of Churches, and for one or two unions such as the Amalgamated Meat Cutters, whose legislative representative, Arnold Mayer, happens personally to be particularly interested in migrant legislation, most of the labor and social-welfare lobbies have done little beyond testifying when called upon. The same, unfortunately, cannot be said of the American Farm Bureau Federation and the various growers' associations that oppose most of the prospective legislation. Some people may leave Washington to campaign when the chips are down, but the farm lobbyists have a way of arriving by the plane load. And all year 'round they keep up a steady attack on the Williams bills, mainly on the ground that they will seriously restrict the liberties and prosperity not only of the grower but—yes—of the migrant laborer, too. In a package of "suggested news releases, editorials, speeches" sent out by the National Farm Labor Users Committee and accompanied by careful instructions ("substitute the name of a local association and individual for the name of the National Users Committee . . ."), one typical editorial described the proposed farm-employment service as a grant of "authority to recruit American citizens into work gangs." America, the romantic editorialist

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writes, "was built by people who liked to roam from place to place as their desires moved them." Not only is the migrant laborer depicted as a sort of vagabond king, but those seeking to pass child-labor laws are depicted as a menace to the migrant child's health and happiness. "There are no sweat shops on the farms of America," Congressman Harold Cooley (D., North Carolina) declared on the floor of the House. "On the farms of our nation, children labor with their parents out under the blue skies." Such irrelevant nonsense may not stand up well against the statistics on farm accidents involving children under thirteen, but the lobbyists have not counted on intellectual persuasion so much as on a mere show of political strength to achieve their ends. When lobbyists have been aroused and have succeeded in arousing a sufficient number of farm-state legislators, supporters of the Williams measures in Congress and in even higher places have tended to back off, with the excuse that there were other legislative priorities to be considered and that the situation was by and large impossible anyway. In 1954, for example, former President Eisenhower established a President's Committee on Migratory Labor to give administrative leadership to the battle. It is composed of the Secretaries of Labor, Agriculture, Interior, and Health, Education and Welfare plus the Administrator of the Housing and Home Finance Agency; it has met exactly three times since 1954. Two of its meetings were held during Eisenhower's time, but the second one hardly counts since only Secretary of Labor James Mitchell is said to have showed up. Under the Kennedy administration there were high hopes that it would become an effective body. Unlike Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman has supported the proposed legislation, and the committee last year even issued a report backing some of the Williams program. That was in January. But increased pressure from the growers later in the year caused a tactical retreat, and it was reportedly decided to "lay low" and "consolidate" such gains as had been made. A reorganization in the Labor Department, where the committee is based, further reduced the committee's activities. At the present time it has no staff execept a secretary.

While we do not question the good intentions of those in the administration and in Congress who consider the migrant problem hopeless for the time being and even a liability to the rest of the President's program, we suspect that in this as in other domestic issues there is a fundamental confusion about what leadership really means. It does not necessarily involve a suicide attack on the Congress. It does involve more than speeches. And above all, it is not simply a futile exercise of idealism against the so-called realities. The activities of Senator Williams and his subcommittee in fact illustrate most of the virtues of effective leadership: shrewdness, patience, and sustained hard work are a few. Their triumphs have not been oratorical. Rather they have consisted of such unlikely feats as persuading Senator Harry Byrd (D., Virginia) of the merits of some of their proposals and even making a few inroads into the opposition of the lobbyists, who are said to have relaxed a bit this year, at least on the social measures. With Secretaries Wirtz and Celebrezze both strongly committed, this could even be the year for a little progress. Every May, the President said a while back, commenting on the rhythm of the issues, ". . . there are those stories about Presidential leadership." We are happy to open the season.

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"A Tucson dentist broke two drills and spent several hours grinding away before completing an extraction Sunday. The patient was a Titan 2 intercontinental ballistic missile. A draft pin had snapped and no machine shop in Tucson had the delicate instrument required for removal of the pin."—The New York Times

From now on, NASA-honey, this'll
Bind me emotionally to a missile:
To think an object—tiny, dental—
Can be so hugely instrumental,
And that such human tortures smite an
Organism like the Titan!

—SEC

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Comment on issues, men, and events.
Wednesday, May 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Voice of Charlie Pont
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Bradford Dillman and Diana Hyland.
Thursday, May 2 (10-11 PM)

The Kentucky Derby
Saturday, May 4 (5-6 PM)

Beyond the Sanctuary
Church work by laymen in France, England, Germany, and California.
Sundays, May 5-12-19-26 (10:30-11 AM)

I Am with You
History of the Ecumenical Councils.
Sundays, May 5-12-19-26 (1:30-2 PM)

The Theatre of Tomorrow
Preview of Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Repertory Theatre.
Sunday, May 5 (2-3 PM)

Money for Burning
Study of U.S. Secret Service activities against counterfeiting.
Tuesday, May 7 (10:30-11 PM)

The Land Swindlers
Drama on shady real estate practices.
Wednesday, May 8 (10-11 PM)

The Airport Jam
Sunday, May 12 (6-6:30 PM)

The Bob Hope Show
Guests: Patti Page, Arnold Palmer, and James Garner.
Wednesday, May 15 (9-10 PM)

The Kremlin
The focal point of eight centuries of Russian history viewed from the scene.
Tuesday, May 21 (9:30-10:30 PM)

Blind Boy
Documentary study of the life of the blind in our society.
Tuesday, May 21 (10:30-11 PM)

The Quiet Revolution
Growth of the clergy's social role.
Friday, May 24 (10-11 PM)

The "Emmy" Awards
Sunday, May 26 (10-11:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Continental Classroom: Atomic Age Physics & American Government/ College of the Air: The American Economy/ Today/Calendar/Discovery '63

Mondays: David Brinkley's Journal

Tuesdays: Chet Huntley Reporting

Wednesdays: CBS Reports

Fridays: Eyewitness

Saturdays: Watch Mr. Wizard/Exploring

Sundays: Camera Three/Meet the Professor/ Adlai Stevenson Reports/Issues and Answers/ Update/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/ Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color/Voice of Firestone/Howard K. Smith —News and Comment

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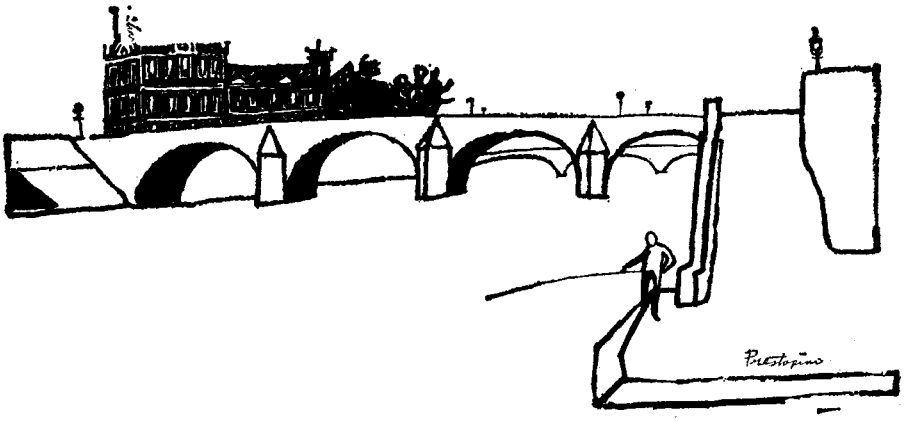

The 'New Men' Of the Soviet Sixties

PRISCILLA JOHNSON

THE shoppers were hurrying home and the late-afternoon sun shed a reddish glow over row upon row of identical five-story apartment houses in a new section of Moscow. "You must understand," the young painter said, "even before Stalin died, the new grass was beginning to grow. They cut it down, but always it would spring up again."

On a visit to the Soviet Union last fall, I heard writers and artists use not only metaphors from nature but images of battle: of "fighters" and "targets" and "fists." Conveying both the mood of combat and the one-for-all, all-for-one spirit of Moscow's creative intelligentsia, a young poet described the situation this way: "What we need now, and what we try to give each other, is a shoulder to lean on, a fist to fight with."

The fight began almost before Stalin's body was cold. Constantly invoked by the leader and constantly betrayed, words like "justice" and "truth" could no longer be used by those who cared for their meanings. Morals and even language had suffered a public debauchery. And literature had all but ceased to exist.

Looking back to 1954, the year after Stalin's death, a poet told me it had been touching, a little ludicrous even, to see grown men, writers and editors of powerful literary journals, examining every precept of art and conscience all over again. "First," he said, "they debated 'What is truth?' Next came the fight for 'justice.' And then the fight for feelings, so that literature could talk about sorrow."

The fight for words was a fight for moral meanings. It had to be fought and won before literature could come back to life. By carrying on in public a fight that was going on in homes and places of work all over the country, the writers of Russia have served, like their poet-ancestors in the nineteenth century, —particularly the so-called "New Men of the 1860's"—as the conscience of the people.

The struggle to rediscover words, the search for new forms in meter and rhyme and for human relationships free of hypocrisy, all this means change. At an elemental, human level, it would alter the character of Soviet life—at a pace not determined by the rulers. For in addition to writers, there are other artists who seek new forms outside the narrow limits of romantic realism and young people who wish to express their feelings more spontaneously than the puritanical Komsomol code can allow. Not they but the totally political society they live in makes their every move a political act. By themselves as well as by the ideologues who would tame them, they are called by political names: "liberals" or "leftists." Anyone who favors greater freedom of expression, who wants an occasional abstract canvas to be shown or a piece of twelve-tone music to be played, would indeed liberalize Soviet life.

WHO ARE THE MEN and women who have been waging the fight to bring the conscience of Russia back into the open? I met them last fall in the overcrowded studio of the thirty-seven-year-old sculptor Ernst Neizvestny, whose style is influenced by Henry Moore but whose vast granites and bronzes are a bold coming to grips with overwhelm-

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ingly Russian preoccupations: war, concentration camps, the preservation of human values in the age of the machine.

I met them in the studio of a twenty-eight-year-old painter who, while showing me his huge expressionist canvases, made me take down verbatim his solemn views on the immorality of the nuclear arms race.

I met them in a one-room apartment off one of Moscow's oldest and prettiest thoroughfares. Autumn sunlight was streaming through the window as a tiny tab kitten pranced on the table, weaving in and out among half-empty glasses of cognac and sniffing at the battered typewriter on which our host, a gregarious writer in his thirties, produced short stories and verse during his rare nocturnal hours of solitude. The telephone would ring. The poets would come and go.

The struggle to have a volume of experimental verse accepted for publication, to get a sympathetic editor and an edition large enough to bear some relation to the voracious public demand—these were the skirmishes that filled their days. The post of editor at a literary journal or publishing house or member of the board of the Union of Soviet Writers—these were the strategic strongholds. For many of these jobs were still held by old-line hacks, by "back numbers" who hadn't written a decent novel in twenty years, custodians of extreme party orthodoxy who used their positions to bar the way to the new and young. The twenty-nine-year-old poet Andrei Voznesensky spoke of them in the political terms that are pervasive in Russia. "Stalinists," he told me, "is what we call them."

By last autumn the young writers had scored some astonishing victories. Seven had been elected to responsible posts in the Moscow branch of the Writers' Union. A newspaper that had served as mouthpiece of extreme orthodoxy in the arts announced it would suspend daily publication. A situation of editorial "polycentrism" had come into being, whereby work that was unacceptable to one editor on artistic or even political grounds might be quickly accepted by another. Worried about its circulation, even the archconservative journal *Oktyabr*, edited by Vsevolod Kochetov, had begun to run stories and articles aimed at "liberal" readers.

Whether they were bought up or not, the huge editions, those in the hundreds of thousands, still went to men like Kochetov and Semyon Ba-

bayevsky. It still was not easy even for a well-known author to get a highly personal short story about an outcast of Soviet society into print. The same went for verse that might seem to hark back to the "formalistic" experiments of the 1920's. Some work by some writers might still have to go into the "drawer." But from what was appearing, as a young poet in Leningrad explained, "At least you can tell whether the author is talented or not."

In Khrushchev's Shoes

One evening I asked several members of the incredibly tight-knit loyal, bickering world of Moscow intellectuals whether a poet or painter whose work is forever under attack from higher-ups of the Communist Party does not, after a while, develop feelings of martyrdom. "Oh, no," one of my companions shot back. "If anyone shows any signs of *that,* we quickly knock it out of him."

Even though they are compelled to maneuver in an atmosphere heavy with compromise, many of the artistic innovators convey a quality of being untouched. Their private lives are often a shambles, Bohemian to the point of chaos. And yet there is an idealistic conviction among them that a poet should be better than other men. He can drink and he can chase women, but it must be done without hypocrisy and there can be no lust for privilege or possessions. The ambition that unites them is the ambition to have their own and their friends' writing published—or their canvases shown—before they are too old, before they have suffered too many defeats and discouragements.

Men and women of many shades of opinion belong to the so-called "liberal" movement in the arts. Most, however, are keenly aware of their legacy as heirs of the nineteenth-century Russian liberal intelligentsia, which also had its own "New Men" in its own sixties. They would like life in Soviet Russia to be more just, more humane, more free. Some go hardly any further in their political views. Others are dedicated to Communism in the early, flaming spirit of the Bolshevik Revolution. Their ideal Communism has a strikingly individualistic flavor. Andrei Voznesensky has called it "the flowering of the personality." Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the best-known herald of the warrior generation, once told me that the community of men under Communism would be like "a bouquet of flowers—each one unique and incapable of repetition."

To the fighting ability as well as to the ideals of this generation, age is the key. Most are in their thirties. Their whole lives have been a process of *"zakalka,"* or tempering. First there was the war, which some of them fought while little more than boys. Above all, there was the experience of living under Stalin. Many are the sons of Stalin's victims. A friend of mine, a poet in his thirties, was leaving Moscow one afternoon on a helter-skelter trip to an ancient graveyard at Kolomna. There were lovely old icons in the church, he explained, and the leaves were turning gold over the graves. I asked whether he ever visited the cemetery at Novo-Devichy monastery in Moscow. "No," came the cryptic reply. "There are too many memories." His father and uncles, I later learned, lie buried there, victims of Stalin's terror.

During the last years of Stalin's rule, this generation was in its twenties—old enough to have experienced it as adults but young enough to escape being compromised by it. By choice or because of their youth, none rose to positions where they had to betray others. Unlike many

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of their elders, they emerged from the Stalin years morally intact.

Like the rest of the Soviet people, however, they were bound emotionally to Stalin: by love, by hate, and by fear. The dismantling of the Stalin myth left the best members of this generation, deep-eyed in politics, with an irrevocable sense of responsibility. The love they bear Russia is a little like that of a son for a capricious and demanding mother: he tolerates her mean moods and her beatings, and he lives for the sunny times between.

Last fall I thought I detected too heavy a feeling of responsibility among them. Partly, I believe, it was gratitude to the régime that delivered them from Stalinism. There was loyalty, and a sense that Russia's gains were too recent, too precarious, for anyone to indulge in iconoclasm. Surely, too, there was a feeling that no one, not even the Soviet leaders, knew just which misstep might precipitate a reversion to the past.

I remember the tribute a young writer paid to Khrushchev. A few months earlier, according to many people in Moscow, Khrushchev had lifted the ban on *Pages from Tarussa,* a volume of poems, short stories, and literary reminiscences that had been confiscated by lower-ranking officials. In speaking of this episode, my friend seemed to assume that Khrushchev's heart was with the reformers. A politician, he told me, is not free to do exactly as he pleases: "Nikita does the best he can." I was startled at the way in which even this young man who had survived bitter difficulties with the régime was able to put himself in Khrushchev's shoes and coolly, sympathetically, as one tactician to another, assess his performance. Witty, generous, frequently irreverent, even today's "New Men" in Russia are nonetheless very much the product of the society they seek to leaven: a society in which spontaneity must give way to calculation, freedom to control.

I sensed this most poignantly with the more prominent leaders of the artistic left, men like Yevtushenko and Neizvestny. Facing Yevtushenko across a luncheon table in Moscow is like watching a politician on TV. There is the same split second of hesitation, the same nearly reflexive choice among alternative answers. The only spontaneous reaction is calculation. Clearly, this young man has repressed his high spirits at heart-rending cost. His rebelliousness rarely breaks into the open. Frequently his remarks are so loaded with ambiguity that it is difficult to guess whether he means what he appears to be saying or the opposite.

'Zhenia Is One of Us'

To appreciate what is contained within Yevtushenko's personality, one must see him at one of Moscow's vast poetry readings. As he stands at the microphone, lanky and rather nattily attired, his pale eyes electric with intelligence, one sees a man gambling coldly with the régime, each trying to outwit and outexploit the other. And then there are the poems. The first may be a love lyric or one of the childhood flashbacks that helped build his early fame. Another will be a sharp jibe at some official policy—too sharp to appear in print. A third will be a paean to Fidel Castro. Thus nimbly does the poet glide back and forth across the party line of the moment, and of such elements are his own inner ambiguities composed. Yet it was this man, then only twenty-one years old, whose cry in 1954 inspired the struggle of the young warriors to restore moral truths to literature: "Let us give back to words/Their original meanings!"

The crucial fact about Yevtushenko is that his ambiguity, the ambiguity that is cast up by his poetry as on a giant reflecting screen, is the ambiguity of post-Stalin Russia. It is the ambiguity of the millions of Russians under forty whose idol he has become. It is the ambiguity of the party bureaucrats who are trying to bring him into the Establishment. Most ominous of all, perhaps, it is the ambiguity even of the liberals, the very people one might suppose had long since cast him aside as hopelessly compromised by success and by his relationship with the régime. In affectionate asides—"Zhenia still has a lot to learn," or, a little contemptuously, "He wouldn't know a real Beatnik if he saw one," or "A third-class fighter"—they run him down, often to his own fully comprehending face. Except, however, for a fringe of those so scornful of the whole Soviet environment as to deplore any thought of having their work published, the judgment of even the strongest opponents of the old ortho-

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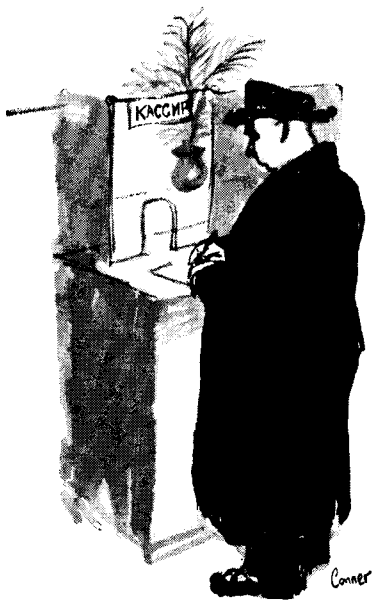
doxy is, "Zhenia is one of us." What they call him they call themselves: "official oppositionist." For, as I was to hear more than once, "There is no opposition but official opposition." If you're any other kind, either they don't publish you or they arrest you. That is why Yevtushenko's struggle to retain some inner integrity is of such significance. It is the struggle of an entire generation of young intellectuals who, by their tempering and by their ideals, are the best hope Russia has today.

They frankly admit that because of the role Yevtushenko has played as icebreaker for all of them, Russian poetry today can move into a range of subjects that could scarcely be mentioned before, and can experiment stylistically in a way that was not permitted before he burst upon the scene in the mid-1950's. It is he who has most brilliantly applied the lesson of his elders, notably Ehrenburg and Pasternak, that a giant reputation in the West can be used to promote the cause of liberalization inside the Soviet Union itself. That is why, when young writers call him the "Foreign Minister of our young poetry," as his friend Voznesensky did in Paris a few months ago, the slight sneer with which they say it is not unmixed with gratitude.

Zubatovism and the Rumba

Yevtushenko's meteoric career is a key to understanding both the younger generation whose hero he remains and the treacherous undertow of corruption that, more inexorably than anywhere on earth, is the price of success in Soviet society. Nor is this all. It has been a touchstone of official policy as well. His election about December, 1958, as Komsomol secretary of the Writers' Union (a post he later relinquished), along with the subsequent election of Neizvestny and Robert Rozhdestvensky to the boards of the Russian Republic Artists' and Writers' Union, respectively, marked the adoption of a new party policy. Seeking to bring a few of the innovators into the Establishment and to vest them with a semblance of responsibility, the party tried to assimilate their glamor to itself and to neutralize their protest by making it respectable. By favoring some over others it attempted to divide the intellectuals and take over their environment from within.

This strategy of infiltration seemed to echo an experiment early in the century by officials of Nicholas II. Devised by a police official named Sergei Zubatov, the experiment was a clever attempt to deal with the restless factory workers of Moscow. Infiltrating the trade unions, agents



of the Czarist police tried to guide their demands in the direction of peaceful social reform instead of revolt. Zubatovism, as the experiment was called, was aimed not at ruthlessly suppressing the workers' movement but rather at directing it from inside and preventing it from acquiring an explosive momentum of its own.

Similar methods were used not only with respect to writers, but to the popular mood in general. Confronted when Stalin died by a pent-up clamor for change, the régime tried to adapt, to take the sting out of public demand while conceding as little as possible of substance. In one field after another its policy was one not of principled decision but of short-term accommodation.

WERE YOUNG PEOPLE, undeterred by the threat of a prison sentence, beginning to tune in on short-wave radio and "Music U.S.A."? The result was a rash of dance bands and a special new Khrushchev "style" in music that told you, the moment you heard the orchestra's syncopated beat ricocheting among the marble columns of the Hotel Metropol, that the officials who gave the sanctions were willing to make concessions to the ear of modern Russia but unwilling to give their blessing to truly creative, homegrown modern music. It told you that the régime would go part of the way but not all the way: that it would accept an appearance of change but was stubbornly resisting change itself.

Were Russians of all ages, newly awakened to the color and variety of the West, beginning to complain about the drabness of their cities and the monotony of the heavy Victorian furnishings available in the stores? After a period of angry fulmination, during which it became aware that no sacrifice of ideology need be involved and that the new would in fact be much cheaper than the old, the régime ordered its architects to the West, its designers to Tallinn and Helsinki. And so a few functional glass-and-concrete buildings began to appear, along with colorful plastic tables and chairs and ceramics of abstract pattern. Modern art was making its way into Soviet life, but in the euphemistic guise of "applied art."

The party displayed an "if you can't lick 'em, join 'em" spirit most conspicuously of all in its handling of the very young. Were teen-agers in the cities, bored by a lack of entertainment, aping what they took to be western fashions in clothing and morals and even resorting to delinquent behavior? For a while the party preached strenuously against such signs of "decadent bourgeois morality." Convinced, however, as western styles continued to spread and the crime rate continued to rise, that further resistance would be fruitless and might deepen the demoralization of the young, the party began tinkering with espresso machines made in Kiev and setting up youth cafés where a young fellow could play an innocent game of chess with his date. The billboards of Moscow were plastered with posters advertising classes where young people could master the foxtrot or the Cuban rumba—anything but rock 'n' roll and the twist. Lessons in

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ballroom etiquette were featured on Moscow TV, and a new Café Cosmos was established on Gorky Street where youngsters could swizzle champagne and sundaes with

names like Sputnik and Planeta. On weekend nights last fall even the Manezh, the stately Czarist riding academy that is often used for official exhibitions, was taken over for "Autumn Dances" in the drive to mollify the young.

IN THIS as in other realms where it seemed less costly to adapt than to oppose, the party was clearly attempting to become identified with the new trend, to exploit its popularity and at the same time keep it from getting out of hand. So doing, it found itself in the position of sanctioning wilder and wilder behavior. By taking over, one by one, each new trend that was permitted to survive, the party took it away from the young people who originated it in the first place. They, in turn, if they were to express anything of their own, were pushed to ever more Bohemian extremes. I heard Russians who were by no means prudish lament the fact that girls who would never have been allowed by their parents into restaurants before were now to be seen in night spots and that teenagers who in the past would have tarried on the edge of romance were now engaging in full-blown love affairs. And in a country where everything is political and where revolt of the young is partly directed against what they consider the hypercritical sex morals preached by the Komsomol, or Young Communist League, a Bohemian love affair in itself can be a form of political dissent. "Thanks to Galya X," said one Moscow man about town, referring to his liaison with a renowned and beautiful lady of somewhat relaxed virtue, "I have become a left democrat." By its efforts to reconcile the irreconcilable and have the best of impossible and incompatible worlds, the party itself has deepened the cynicism of the young. It is forever calling upon them to sacrifice, to "display initiative." But by its own actions it has made clear that it wants creative energy on the one hand and total safety on the other, initiative but not spontaneity. Above all, it has shown that it is fearful of losing control.

Were young people, at first in straggling twos and threes and later in droves, beginning to gather at night by the huge Mayakovsky statue in Moscow for free-for-all poetry readings? Caught off guard by this first public manifestation of spontaneity in years, the officials let it go for a while. As the crowds grew larger, however, vicious newspaper articles began to appear, attacking the poet-ringleaders as "parasites." Finally last spring, the meetings were stopped and the instigators, so it is rumored, were packed off to the provinces.

The party showed a similar fear that the high spirits of the young might get out of hand after two new cafes, the Aelita and the Molodyozhnaya, were opened in Moscow. There, the girls in their bouffant hairdos and the boys in Ivy League suits could sample the delights of jazz and pseudo-Scandinavian décor. With entry unrestricted at first, the line of young people waiting to get in stretched for blocks. Alarmed at such unsolicited enthusiasm, the authorities quickly transformed the cafés into "clubs," with admission "by invitation of the Komsomol" only. Today one of the cafés, possibly both, has been made into "Komsomol headquarters." Those who frequent them can be in no doubt that if the jazz gets too cool or spirits too high, "Big Brother," as one of them with a knowledge of forbidden texts quaintly told me, "will be watching."

Who Has Exploited Whom?

It was the colorful new buildings going up in Moscow and the shriek of police whistles rending the night air in vain efforts to chasten the young that were striking to the eye and ear during my trip last fall. But it was in the creative arts that the party's efforts to come to terms with the "New Men of the Sixties" was obviously having the most far-reaching impact.

If the party hoped to tame and exploit the "New Men" by bringing a few of them into the Establishment, the question is who was exploiting whom most successfully. For by last fall the climate had changed. No one was in doubt any longer that Russia's literary future, like its talent, lay with the "leftists." Of the writers and critics who were active and respected in Moscow, almost all were liberally inclined. If back in 1956 a handful of "left" writers cherished the hope of founding a writers' organization of their own, by last September they had abandoned the idea. "Our influence has grown,"

one of them told me. "We can work through the Union of Writers."

And the régime? Often it seemed that there no longer was a "régime" in literary matters, only competing and conflicting officials—literary offi-

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cials, police officials, high-ranking party officials—each more anxious to score bureaucratic points off each other than to subdue recalcitrant writers. Often it was hard to say what policy was favored by which official, so cleverly did each mask his views. From Khrushchev on down, moreover, it was a cliché of official fashion to "make way for the young." And just as my "leftist" friend was able to put himself in Khrushchev's shoes, so some bureaucrats, too, were known to have "liberal" sympathies. Khrushchev's own son-in-law, Alexei Adzhubei, was by no means unique as a highly placed collector of Soviet modern art.

And so it cannot be said that the party until recently acted as a monolithic unit, or threw its weight wholly against the "leftists." As late as 1959 there were two camps, "liberal" and "conservative," with the party stepping in from time to time, mainly on behalf of the "conservatives," to maintain the balance. Last fall when I was there, there seemed to be only a few die-hards left in what was once the "conservative" camp. With no strong right wing to rely on, the party, insofar as it was acting as a unit, seemed to have abandoned the old discredited positions and tried to stake out high ground in the center. Just as its policy of accommodation seemed to license wilder and wilder behavior among young people, however, so a similar policy only seemed to be accelerating the leftward momentum of Soviet letters.

The Pendulum Swings

For the third time since Stalin died, the Communist Party is now again engaged in a major assault on innovation in the arts. In the light of the younger generation's successes, the bureaucrats have taken alarm lest they lose control over the rapid, seemingly inexorable drift to the "left." By his recent, half-favorable references to Stalin, Khrushchev has once more raised the ghost that is never really laid in Russia—the ghost of fear. Yet this, too, may serve ultimately to unify the highly cohesive little world in which painters, writers, and composers reinforce and defend each other. Barring a full-scale return to terror, Khrushchev may be able to do no more than shore up a position in the center so as to keep the center itself from being dragged, as it has been in the past few years, faster and faster to the left.

For a time now, the "liberal" writers may be partially silenced. In the long run, however, the danger is no longer that they can be defeated in combat. Possibly the liberalization of the past ten years has, after all, something of a process of nature about it. A famous and courageous Russian told me last autumn: "They can slow it down, but they cannot stop it."

MANY of the other Russians I talked with last fall were less opimistic about the future. The ultimate danger to the young writers—an ironic one, in view of the early moral impulse that inspired them—is that they may be destroyed by compromise, demoralized by infiltration. I know Russians who believe that the generation now in its thirties already is too old, has fought too many battles, been too often deceived by its hopes, and is now too deeply compromised by the role it has played in the system. To such observers, hope, if there is any, rests in a generation that is now below the age of twenty-five, a generation that endured too little of Stalin's terror to offer up thanks to the régime that lifted it, for whom de-Stalinization brought contempt for parents who had gone along with the Stalin myth—a generation that suffered an early and diffuse impairment in its respect for all authority.

Notably in the night spots of Moscow but in dingy provincial cafés as well, this generation is now to be seen tossing its top-heavy beehive hairdos and acting in the most desperate, pleasure-seeking style of the Lost Generation of the 1920's. It is busy flaunting its disrespect for the hypocrisy of all official values.

Last fall I discussed with a group of Soviet acquaintances the possibility that this generation, precisely because of its cynicism, because it lacks caution and a deep-seated sense of responsibility, might one day succeed in changing the moral atmosphere of Russia. For several hours we considered the prospect that members of this age group may one day rise to positions of power and yet have escaped the pervasive corruption. Finally, one of my companions expressed the despair of the Russians in the room that anyone ever could bring about a fundamental change. Pronouncing an epitaph of his hopes even for the youngest generation, he summed up sadly: "At a certain stage in your career, either you cease to think or you learn to hide your opinions."

The Screws Are Tightened Again

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG

A MEETING of high Soviet Communist Party leaders with "workers in literature and the arts" took place in Moscow on March 7 and 8. It was the third meeting of its kind in recent months and the ensuing weeks have made it clear that it will go down in history as an event of singular importance. Its two principal speakers were Leonid Ilichev, the head of the "ideological commission" of the party's central committee, and the first secretary of the party, Nikita Khrushchev. Both speeches marked a decisive attempt by the party to call a halt to the process of "controlled de-Stalinization" that had been gathering momentum in recent months and had clearly come to endanger the very legitimacy of the rule of Stalin's successors.

There has been no single policy speech by a Soviet spokesman—whatever its subject—without a human target, and the speeches by Ilichev and Khrushchev were not exceptions: in this case, the main human target was the seventy-two-year-old writer Ilya Ehrenburg, whose unorthodox views on art and literature had long been under fire by party

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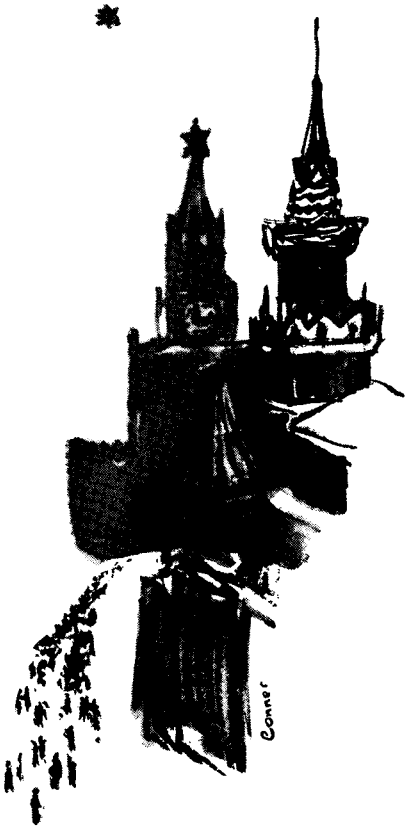
bureaucrats and literary hacks alike. What occasioned the intervention of Ilichev and Khrushchev, however, was not merely Ehrenburg's passionate defense of the finer intellectual and artistic traditions of the 1920's. It was, rather, his admission—expressed in a recent installment of his memoirs, *People, Years, Life*—that during the 1930's he had been aware of many of Stalin's crimes but that his basic commitment to the ideals of the revolution, plus his total helplessness in the face of the mounting terror, had made him "clench his teeth" and remain silent. This assertion was bound to arouse party leaders anxious to avoid facing their own complicity in Stalin's crimes.

The violent reaction of the top party spokesmen to what has now come to be referred to as Ehrenburg's "theory of silence" had actually been preceded by a scurrilous attack on the aging writer in *Izvestia* on January 30 written by V. Yermilov, who is regarded widely by his colleagues as an erstwhile informer for Stalin's secret police. Ehrenburg, evidently not yet aware of the official inspiration for Yermilov's attack, had written an indignant reply, which had touched off further heated debates.

Back to Socialist Realism

But by March it was clear that Ehrenburg was involved in much more than a literary quarrel. Khrushchev himself charged Ehrenburg with being, in effect, a liar and a coward. For if he knew about Stalin's crimes (unlike, say, Khrushchev), he ought to have acted upon this knowledge. Khrushchev chided the writer for defending "coexistence between socialist realism and formalism"—a "gross ideological mistake," which "it is our duty to help him understand." He even reached back into 1954 and castigated Ehrenburg's novel *The Thaw*—a "literary image" which "gives a picture. . . . of instability, impermanency, incompleteness, of fluctuations of temperature in nature, when it is difficult to foresee how and in what direction the weather will develop." And as for Stalin—why, the "leading party cadres" knew nothing about the fact that "completely innocent people were being arrested." It was "only after Beria's death and his exposure," Khrushchev added, that "we learned of Stalin's abuse of power . . ."—astonishing statements indeed from a man who in 1956 startled his country by "unmasking" his former master and pleading terror and intimidation as reasons for his own silence ("Dance the gopak!" the fun-loving dictator is said to have ordered on one occasion—and Khrushchev danced).

The new line on Stalin and vilification of Ehrenburg proved to be merely the springboard from which Khrushchev launched his attack upon virtually all decent elements



of the Soviet intellectual world: the modernistic sculptor Neizvestny, the young poets Yevtushenko and Voznesensky, the venerable writer Konstantin Paustovsky, the talented novelist Viktor Nekrasov—these and others were singled out by Khrushchev for a variety of sins ranging from unseemly comments made during their recent trips abroad to indulging in "formalistic" art.

Furthermore, Khrushchev made it clear that he would no longer limit himself to occasional strictures and exhortations: the anti-Stalin line would be pursued, but writers must be careful lest their manuscripts give comfort to the enemies of Russia by portraying Stalin in excessively dark colors; "peaceful coexistence in ideology"—a principle which inevitably leads to "the positions of anti-Communism"—will not be tolerated; "formalism" in music will be eradicated; in art those who "judge reality exclusively by the smell of toilets" will be "condemned with all intolerance"; excessive preoccupations with the lot of Jews (philo-Semitism having become one of the major causes of the liberal intelligentsia) can have no place in Soviet society; and any hankering after "some kind of absolute personal freedom" might as well be forgotten, for "not even under absolute Communism" will this "rotten" concept be realized.

This is what Khrushchev is prescribing for the intellectuals: in music, that which "inspires and summons people to military accomplishments and work"; in art, "canvasses full of joy which summon one to toil"; in literature, that which serves "the interests of workers and peasants, the interests of the people." Above all—"socialist realism," "party-mindedness," and a "policy of irreconcilable struggle against abstractionism, formalism, and any other bourgeois distortion." These are not simple reiterations of the usual party clichés. In the unequivocal manner in which they have now been stated, they remind one uncomfortably of the worst years of intellectual regimentation after the Second World War.

WHAT HAS persuaded Khrushchev to renege on his promise of 1959 to let intellectuals experiment and settle all esthetic problems internally without bothering the party? Why has he now sided so uncompromisingly with the darkest forces in Soviet intellectual life?

In order to understand these recent developments fully, we must realize that in the preceding months Russia had experienced a unique period, something resembling the "laissez faire" Khrushchev condemned in his speech. Under such circumstances, the liberals could only become stronger and bolder—so much so, for instance, that a poet like Voznesensky could publish poems contemptuously dismissing ac-

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cusations of "formalism" and even have poems that had been rejected by one journal accepted elsewhere. An open conflict prevailed, and for the first time since the 1920's something resembling genuine literary—and thus, indirectly, political—controversy could flourish.

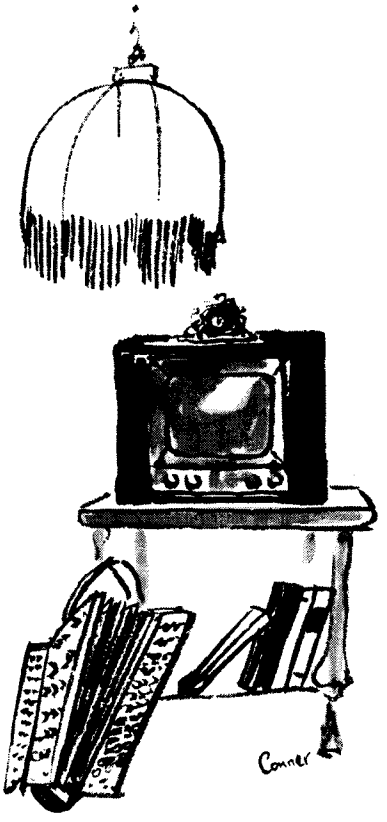
The conservatives were not entirely driven underground, of course: they made themselves heard, primarily in the literary publications they controlled, such as the magazine *Oktyabr* and the newspaper *Literatura i Zhizn*. But so emboldened were the liberals by the party's apparent toleration and so strong was their influence in literary matters, that even Boris Polevoy, an old-time party hack who was appointed editor in chief of the liberal journal *Yunost* (Youth) in an apparent attempt to counteract the liberals, came under attack by *Izvestia* for having permitted the publication of "banal verses" by the poet Voznesensky. What is more, Polevoy defended himself, arguing that while the poems might be called "intentionally intricate" or "mannered," they were certainly not banal, and so he was not going to consider himself guilty in any sense of the word!

To be sure, looking back at the last few turbulent months, it is easy to see the conservatives steadily gaining strength; the appointment of A. Chakovsky, whose good standing with the authorities could never be questioned, as editor of *Literaturnaya Gazeta* was a straw in the wind; and the increasing frequency of articles attacking the liberals strongly suggested that there were forces in the highest party echelons anxious to alter the hands-off policy with regard to the arts.

Thank You, Little Father!

It must have been this very situation, which threatened to get out of hand entirely, that finally persuaded Khrushchev to crack down. A meeting on December 26 was a failure: he was challenged not only by Ehrenburg but by the twenty-nine-year-old Yevtushenko. And so another meeting had to be called, this time without any nonsense allowed. The party *had* to embrace the conservative position. By doing so, the logic of its action drove it to the point where nothing short of a resurrection of Stalinist dogma—though thus far without the Stalinist methods of criminal sanctions and terror—would suffice.

In the weeks that have elapsed since the March 7-8 conference, it has become increasingly evident that the liberals' efforts to hold on to their gains were doomed to failure. Whereas in January it was still possible to predict some sort of an accommodation between the party and the recalcitrant intellectuals, no such outcome can be envisioned at this time. Shortly after the Moscow meeting, similar gatherings, most of them addressed by Ilichev, took place in various cities. As reported by *Pravda*, the Leningrad meeting, for instance, bore all the earmarks of similar meetings in 1946-1948. All the appalling ingredients were there, beginning with orations thanking the central committee and "Comrade Khrushchev personally" for their "fatherly solicitude" toward literature and the arts, and the inevitable "ordinary worker" urging writers to "establish living bonds" with the toiling masses. Violent criticism was heaped upon individual writers, film directors, and artists, and it all ended with a letter—again to the central committee and Nikita Sergeievich Khrushchev personally – assuring them that the creative intelligentsia would continue to work in the spirit of the party's behest. (Later, a story in the Leningrad *Pravda* revealed that the meeting had not proceeded quite so smoothly, and that a few writers and artists had actually rejected the accusations made against them.) On March 15, Stepan Shchipachev, the head of the Moscow branch of the Union of Writers, a liberal stronghold, was removed "at his own request" and replaced by Georgi Markov—a socialist realist par excellence.



Three days later a meeting of the "aktiv" of the Moscow branch was held, at which one V. Tevekelian sharply attacked the literary journal, *Novy Mir* (New World), for publishing works that do not reflect the "task of Soviet writers—to bring up youth on positive example, to lead it to the radiant future, to Communism." The speaker also criticized one of the two short stories by Solzhenitsyn which appeared in the January issue of *Novy Mir* for implying that the Soviet peasant "has remained unchanged for the past sixty years." (More attacks on Solzhenitsyn appeared in the following weeks, including one on his novel, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, whose publication had been authorized by Khrushchev—proof that once the campaign had been launched it acquired a momentum all its own.)

AT THE END of March, a plenary session of the board of the Union of Writers took place in Moscow. The opening speech by its secretary, K. A. Fedin, attempted to steer a moderate course and was indeed remarkable for its avoidance of any direct attacks on any of Khrushchev's victims, and for its emphasis on his ostensible defense of "artistic individuality," a defense which may well have come as a surprise to Khrushchev himself. But Fedin failed to stem the tide of reaction. One by one, writers went to the podium, some of them obviously delighted at the opportunity to settle their personal accounts with old rivals and enemies, denouncing Ehrenburg, demanding that Yevtushenko and others be forbidden to travel abroad (this demand being of a piece with

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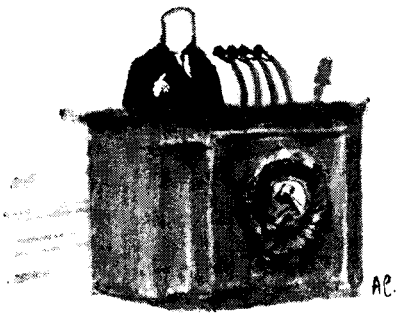
an article suggesting that young painters be sent by the state to factories and collective farms where they would learn how to portray Soviet socialism in all its magnificent reality), lauding Khrushchev, and reaffirming the Soviet writer's task to be first and foremost a "warrior, a soldier of the Leninist revolutionary army."

The large Moscow auditorium where the plenum took place rang with some of the ugliest echoes of the Stalinist past: "Abstractionism," said one poet (A. A. Prokofev), is "like cosmopolitanism—it has no fatherland. It infiltrates our country like a spy—from foreign shores." And as if to underscore his dreary chauvinism: "Our Russian tongue finds itself in the front line of the battle for the Communist idea. It is the tongue of a great people." Another writer (A. Korneychuk) advised young poets who had fallen prey to Western influence to heed the cry of a Ukrainian poet of the 1920's: "A curse be upon you/I do not know you/You shall not buy my soul!"

A Conspiracy of Silence?

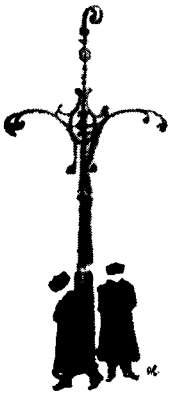
Yet the most disturbing aspect of the writers' conference, as of the whole campaign thus far, has been the obvious attempt by the party—now in full-blown alliance with the reactionary literateurs—to force the liberals not only into obedience but into confessions of guilt. At the meeting earlier in March, Ilichev had already made it clear that the party wanted no repetition of the 1957-1958 period, when intellectuals, then under attack in the wake of the 1956 rebellions in Eastern Europe, engaged in what has been termed a "conspiracy of silence," refusing to write and to recant. "Is there not among a certain section of creative workers a mood which urges them not to write, not to compose, not to create?" demanded Ilichev, adding darkly, "Silence also signifies something, also expresses an opinion of some kind." These words were echoed at the plenum later in March. "When you criticize Comrade Tvardovsky," said one writer, referring to the liberal editor of *Novy Mir*, "he remains silent. And why wouldn't he speak out and reply to the criticism?"



Some *have* spoken out, though not necessarily in a way calculated to satisfy the vindictive demands of their critics. The young poet Voznesensky, for instance, limited himself to a cryptic assurance that he would heed the "advice" of the first secretary, and "work." Others went further, accepting the party's censure in general terms, yet refusing to engage in specific self-criticism.

Yet this is precisely what the party expects—as has become evident from the steady stream of abuse to which Yevtushenko has been subjected in the past few weeks. At the plenum of the Writers' Union he made the most elaborate recantation to date. He apologized profusely for having published his autobiography in the French weekly *L'Express*, admitted that he had been inexcusably "light-minded," expounded on the mistaken implications of Ehrenburg's use of the word "thaw," and assured his listeners that, having fully appreciated his "error," he would "attempt to correct it in the future."

But his apology did not suffice. In its report on the plenum, *Pravda* said Yevtushenko "failed to satisfy the . . . participants; the tone of his speech clearly indicated that [he] did not realize the crux of his mistakes . . ." And so the attacks did not cease, but grew in intensity. A few weeks later, Yevtushenko canceled his projected trip to the United States on grounds of "illness" and withdrew to his country house near Moscow, avoiding all public appearances and contacts with the press. This did not please Sergei Pavlov, first secretary of the Komsomol. If Yevtushenko had "a Soviet man's constitution," he declared at a press conference on April 19, "he would get over his illness" and would discuss his new collection of poems with the directors of the "Young Guard" publishing house—in other words, submit to censorship.



The writers' plenum was not the last of its kind. There followed a meeting of composers (who were told solemnly that "praise of modernism in art can end up with praise of capitalism"); a meeting of the writers of the Russian Republic; the Second Congress of Soviet Artists—which was distinguished by the withdrawal of delegates' credentials from the sculptor Neizvestny and a few other artists, as well as by denunciations of abstract designs in wallpapering; and by the creation of a new State Committee for Cinematography under Ilichev's colleague Alexei Romanov, and subsequent meetings of film workers and architects. There have been many other gatherings supported by a press campaign of unrelieved tedium and lack of restraint.

The western press has been at a loss to explain the scope and vehemence of the party's assault upon the arts. Why, it is asked, must the party engage in windmill-battles against abstract art and the twelve-tone scale? The reasons may not be as mysterious as they appear. For aside from the Communist predilection for extreme measures and the deeply-rooted Philistinism of Russia's rulers and bureaucrats—a Philistinism which reacts with genuine shock at any manifestation of avant-garde culture—there is no doubt that Soviet artists and intellectuals *do* pose an ultimate challenge to the essence of a Communist state. For Communism must feed on myths—about the past (We were all building socialism even though some unfortunate mistakes were committed); the present (We all love our leaders); the future (Communism will be achieved in this generation). To sustain these lies Communism must have a tendentious art, a docile literature, and

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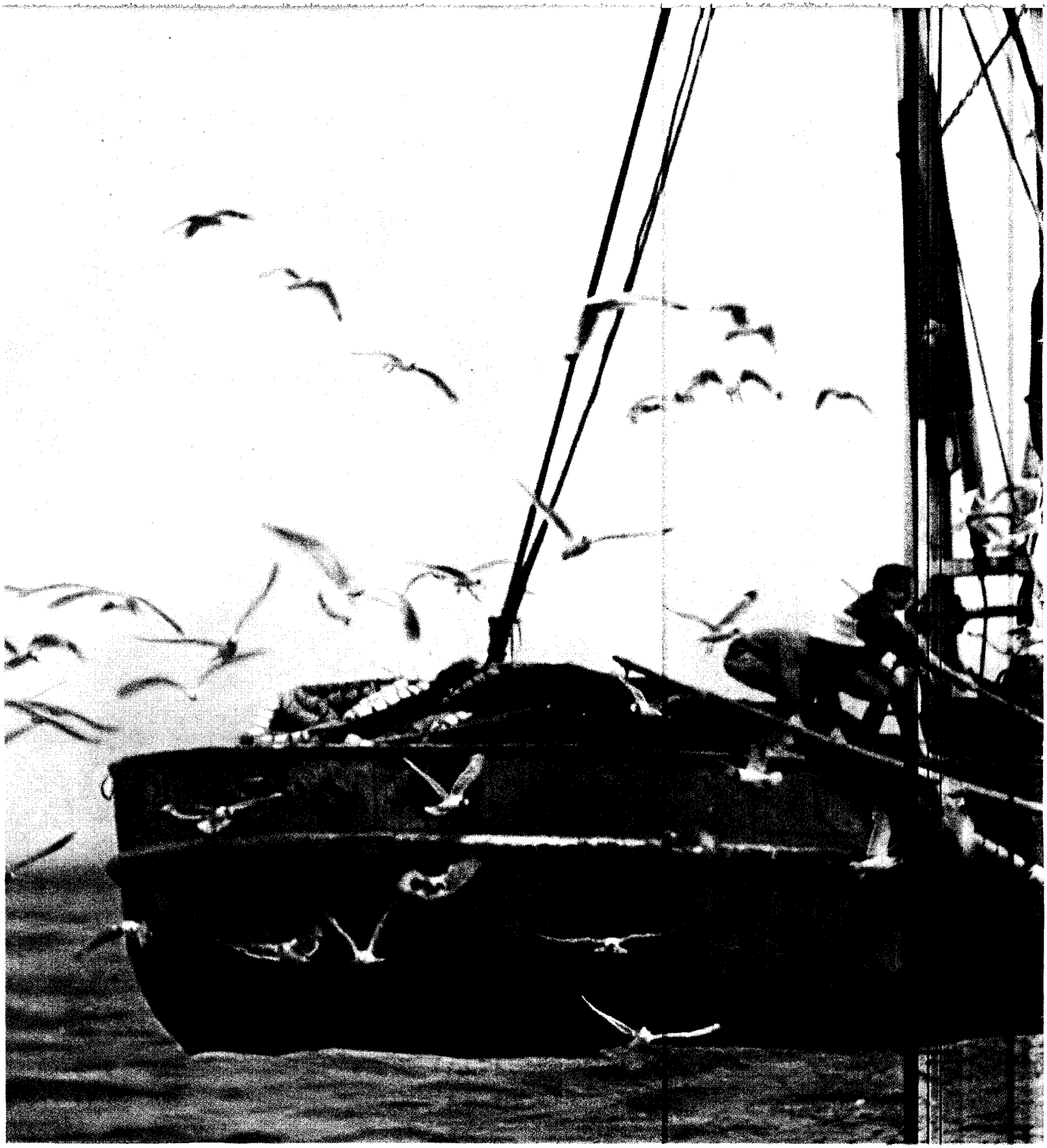

Peru: where the cash crop comes from the sea

For centuries the fishermen of Peru have reaped a bountiful harvest from the Humboldt current that follows the country's coast. Its plentiful sea life supplies a staple for the national diet.

A few years ago, enterprising businessmen saw commercial export possibilities in this marine wealth and built a plant at the port of Chimbote to convert anchovies to fish meal. Since then shipments have soared from less than four thousand tons to more than half a million tons a year. Widely used as cattle feed and fertilizer, fish meal is now one of Peru's main sources of foreign exchange.

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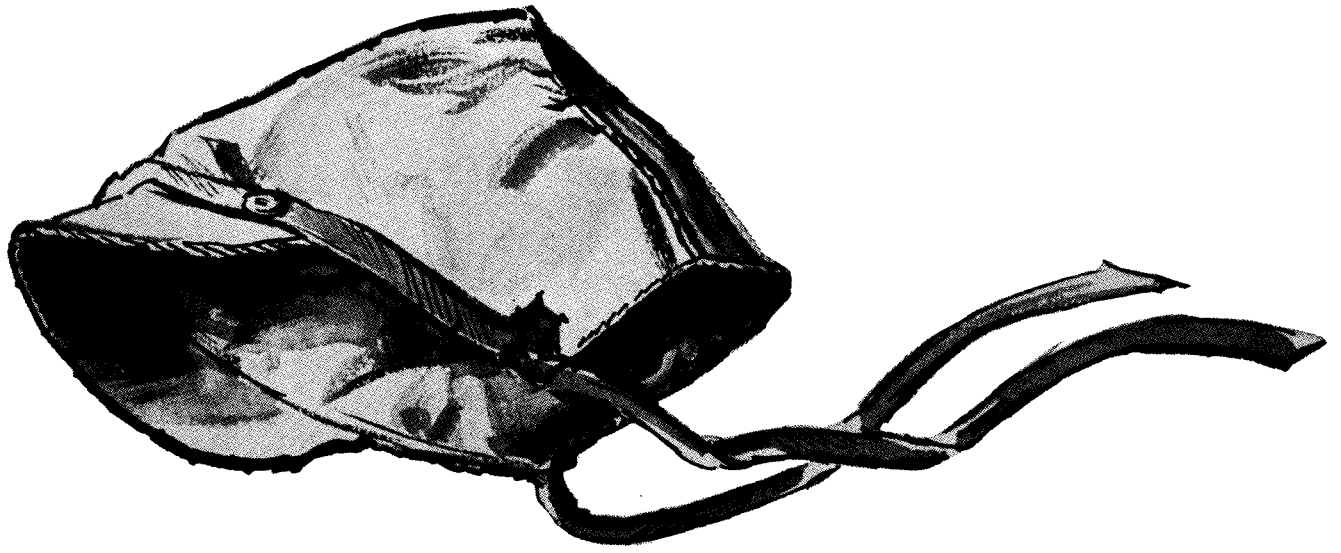

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an obedient intelligentsia. And so when Ehrenburg writes more or less truthfully about the period of Stalin's crimes or when Viktor Nekrasov says that one of these days the facts about the "tragedy of the entire [Soviet] people" will be revealed, the party trembles, for the tragedy of the past is one subject it cannot and will not face. And when a composer writes a "cacophonic" symphony instead of a cantata about the joys of collective farming, or when a painter gives free rein to his personal fantasies instead of depicting workers in the process of building a steel mill, the party feels genuinely threatened. Its attempt at toleration between 1960 and 1962 was profoundly out of character; its revival of an earlier authoritarianism is very much *in* character.

The party faces a painful dilemma: to preserve its power-sustaining myths, it must apply force against intellectual and artistic freedom. But excessive force, as the last years of Stalinism had proved, means the death of literature and the arts. Furthermore, to resort to force and compulsion now would not only embarrass the party in its dealings with the world at large—about which it cares much more than Stalin did—but in the eyes of its own followers abroad. It was already awkward enough, for instance, to have to delete from *Pravda's* account of Togliatti's news conference of April 17, his statement that "we diverge from the position regarding art taken by the Soviet Union."

The Soviet intellectuals know all this—and it is largely because of this knowledge that many of them have refused to deny their consciences and beg for forgiveness. Their tribulations, to be sure, are far from over: no one can tell at this point whether some writers will *not* capitulate at a conference of young writers to be held early this month, or whether the May 28 plenary of the central committee, which is to deal exclusively with ideological matters, will not elicit another show of self-degradation. Yet in the past few years, the young writers and artists have succeeded in forging a bond of intellectual and moral camaraderie. This bond may sustain them in their struggle against the forces of obscurantism.

AT HOME & ABROAD

Australia: White Island In a Brown Sea

DENIS WARNER

MELBOURNE

LONG PAST MIDNIGHT on a chill fall night last March a group of men waited on a street corner outside a Canberra hotel. Among them were Arthur Augustus Calwell, parliamentary leader of the Australian Labour Party, which came within one seat of upsetting the Liberal-Country Party coalition government at the 1961 elections, and his deputy, Gough Whitlam. Inside the hotel thirty-six trade-union officials, lawyers, miners, railway workers, and clerks, who make up the federal conference of the party, were deadlocked over a majority report from the standing committee on defense and external affairs. A resolution calling for Labour endorsement of a $70-million naval radio station which the United States plans to build at Learmonth on the northwestern coast of Australia failed, 18-18. A messenger brought the cheerless news to the waiting parliamentary leaders, who, having urged acceptance of the station on conditions that maintained Australia's sovereignty and rights but did not prejudice its effective use, were not now invited even to be present during the final framing of party policy.

Finally, after 1 A.M., the right wing made a breakthrough and by 19 votes to 17 carried a compromise resolution which was about the best that the party leaders, left literally out in the cold, could hope for. The resolution was hedged with qualifications that would oblige a Labour government to insist that Learmonth should not be used in the event of war in any way that would involve Australia without the government's prior knowledge and consent. This was barely a satisfactory arrangement since, as everyone now knew, Learmonth's contribution to the western cause in the event of war would not wait on Canberra's permission: it would come in the first moments of war, or not at all.

In the ensuing hullabaloo some editorial writers blamed the Communists. "There is no point in mincing words," said the weekly *Bulletin*. "The Labour Party decision on the base was not primarily the work of leftists, nationalists, peace-lovers or whatever. It was the work of the Communists." That there were fellow travelers in the Labour Party's federal conference was common knowledge, but a correspondent who said that Canberra was wallowing in humbug compounded of opposition hums and government bugs came closer to the truth. The spectacle of the elected leaders of one of the two major political parties waiting like lackeys for the orders of nonelected, unqualified, part-time politicos was only part of the story. The government for its part had engaged in deliberate misrepresenta-

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tion, managed news, and a pusillanimous avoidance of the central facts in the issue.

A Priority Target

Until the Labour Party debate began, few people in Australia knew anything of the station and fewer still had any idea what the fuss was all about. The government approved the construction of the station at the time of Dean Rusk's visit to Canberra in May of last year for one of the infrequent meetings of the ANZUS (Australia, New Zealand and the United States) Council. Its purpose, Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies explained in parliament, was "to provide radio communication for United States and allied ships over a wide area of the Indian Ocean and the Western Pacific." Those Australians who wondered why such a simple undertaking should cost so much probably put it down to the well-known American habit of never spending a thousand dollars when a million will do.

In any event, the news, as the government had hoped and planned, excited little comment or interest at the time. Beyond Menzies' deliberately vague description, neither the Australian Labour Party nor the public was given any official information on which to form an opinion about the base. To all intents and purposes, it was just a costly radio station. Even after the Labour Party schism had brought the facts to light, the prime minister continued to insist that the installation was "not a military base, not a weapons base, not a radar or tracking station," and that "its purpose is not to provide navigational assistance."

By such verbal camouflage, however, he failed to conceal what the public had now discovered: that the station was to be an integral part of the United States' world-wide system of nuclear deterrence by Polaris missiles capable of being fired under water, and that the high cost of construction was caused by the need to install expensive Very Low Frequency transmitters with the capacity to send out waves that could be picked up by submerged submarines. Since the only other operational station of a similar kind is at Cutler, Maine, the Learmonth installation, as a fire-control room for Polaris submarines in South Asia and the Far East, would be by any reckoning a significant military installation and, as such, a priority target in a nuclear war.

To this extent, the Australians had been committed by their government to sticking their necks out. It was not suggested that the government had acted beyond its authority in approving the base. Yet by attempting to conceal what was bound to come out one day, it brought upon itself charges in responsible and far from anti-American publications that it was "a ventriloquist's doll for Washington," and that it appeared in Asian eyes "as a flabby-

minded satellite of the United States, which is allowing itself to become a staunch ally only because its government and the prime minister don't care to let its people know the risks involved." Along with this anger against the government's prevarications, however, there was a much deeper sense of outrage that Labour shilly-shallying might have compromised the base. "Australia's security has never been more in jeopardy than it is today and her need of powerful friends is greater than ever," said the Sydney *Sun*. "It is of the most vital concern [to Australia] that the United States should be involved to the maximum degree in its defense," the Sydney *Morning Herald* agreed. Of such views the Menzies government fully approved. Moreover, it was confident enough now of public support for the Learmonth station to make its approval the subject of a special (and unnecessary) bill, which will force Labour members of parliament either to vote against the recommendations of the federal conference, thereby causing a party split, or against what the overwhelming majority of Australians would consider their best interests.

Why, then, the secrecy and subterfuge? Essentially, the government's curious part in this curious story reflects its own deep anxieties at current trends in Asia. Torn between the need to avoid offending neutralist sensitivities in the region and the even greater need to link itself ever more closely with the United States, the government likes to eat its cake without giving the appearance of having it. It is permeated by a sense of loneliness based on a now thoroughly realistic appreciation of the long-range threat of Communist China, an ever-present concern about Indonesia, a consciousness that traditional policies may be far from adequate in the near future, and a frustrating inability to find, or to face, practicable alternatives.

"Since the birth of the Commonwealth," said the Sydney *Morning Herald* in a critical discussion of what it called the outmoded concepts of national security, "Australia's approach to the problem of national security and national defense has been dominated by the conviction that she would never have to stand alone, that there were no conceivable circumstances in which she would have to take up arms to protect her interests without the backing of powerful friends. From this comfortable conviction flowed the equally comfortable conclusion that Australia had no need in peace-time to make more than token provisions for defense, no need to maintain strong regular forces or a conscript army."

IT HAS BEEN easier to lose the conviction than to change the conclusion. An Australian does not need to be a strategist today to realize that the situation could easily arise in which the United States, with the best intentions in the world, might be too heavily engaged elsewhere to spare much effort, or even thought, for the defense of this continent. Yet such is the tradition of reliance on others that no government, including the present one, would willingly embark, even in the urgent national interest, on costly peacetime defense

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and foreign-aid programs. The argument is that Australia is an underdeveloped country itself and cannot afford the expense. There is obvious truth in this; but the more pressing reason is that any political party that called for sacrifices rather than prosperity in times of peace would be rejected out of hand by the world's most prosperous underdeveloped electorate.

Leave it to Whitehall

For many years the forces that screened Australia from Asian realities were British. Before the Second World War, Ceylon, India, Pakistan, Burma, Malaya, Singapore, three Borneo territories, and Hong Kong were all British colonies, defended, it was believed, by powerful British forces from "impregnable" bases. In consequence, all Australian governments were content to leave defense and foreign affairs in Whitehall's hands. Though the country had been a sovereign national state for forty years when the Second World War began, its position in the British Empire was roughly that of a self-governing colony. Asked for his nationality, an Australian replied "British." To be "Australian" was boorish, radical, and unpatriotic. The daughters of the well-to-do flocked "home" to be presented at Court. Escorted by the mamas, this annual fishing fleet angled for, and often hooked, the highly preferred British husbands, carrying them back like trophies to decorate the family sheep stations (ranches) and to preserve English culture in a land in which national pride was developing only slowly.

In recognition of their ultimate dependence on Britain, Australians involved themselves on a voluntary basis in everything from the Boxer Rebellion to the two wars against Germany. The feeling of loyalty to Britain was deep and spontaneous. The agony of France's fall in 1940 was felt almost as acutely in Melbourne as in London, and volunteers flooded recruiting stations. Whole industries and communities grew up around the needs of the British consumer; even far-off Tasmania was a market garden for London housewives. Australian schoolchildren studied British, not Australian, history. Of Asia, its cultures, languages, people, and history, they learned almost nothing.

If the Japanese threat to Australia in 1941 and 1942 lessened Australia's reliance on Britain and caused a more active conduct of its foreign affairs, it also served to reinforce the general thesis that good and powerful friends, in this case the United States, could still be found when the chips were down. Thus, with the war won, the threat removed, the British still present as some sort of buffer in Southeast Asia, and the United States firmly committed in

the Far East, Australia settled back to attend to its internal affairs, assured that the major tasks of regional security were in competent hands. Its involvement in the Korean War and the Malayan "emergency" was in token form. Vietnam and Laos, despite Australia's membership of SEATO, always seemed remote, while to the general public Communist China was scarcely believable.

About the beginning of 1959, however, Asia's geographical propinquity and the weaknesses in the assumption that there would always and in every situation be good and powerful friends to help Australia in its own national interests became alarmingly apparent. Britain's obvious desire to wash its hands of all military commitments in Southeast Asia and its use of the unanimity rule to veto military action in Laos by SEATO shattered the idea that the "Brits," as they were now somewhat contemptuously called by officials in the defense and external affairs departments, would in future prove effective friends in need. Against Communist China's growing might, SEATO looked more and more like a "paper tiger."

Events in West New Guinea began to raise some doubts even about the Americans. Though a Labour government helped Indonesia in its independence struggles with the Dutch, both major political parties, discouraged by subsequent trends and developments there, became fearful that Australia's security would be endangered if the Indonesians took over from the Dutch in New Guinea. In this view they got less and less encouragement from Washington, which was more concerned that Dutch and Australian intransigence had helped the Communists and caused the Indonesians to turn to Moscow for guns than it was with real, or imagined, Australian fears. ANZUS treaty or no, Canberra was made to understand, there would be no automatic military support if the Australians were unwise enough to become involved in hostilities over West New Guinea.

Since it had little to become involved with anyway, Australia bowed to the inevitable, changed its West New Guinea policy a few minutes after the eleventh hour, and took a long, hard, and painful look at what was going on in its Near North.

To add to its problems, Britain, with the unqualified support and approval of the United States, made its bid at this time to enter the European Economic Community, a decision that caused emotional and economic shocks in Australia that were not noticeably relieved either by its failure or by the recent relations-patching royal tour. That Australian markets in Britain had been saved temporarily by the whim of de Gaulle was no cause for long-term good cheer; and though Queen Elizabeth tried bravely to re-

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store the somewhat frayed bonds of empire during her visit in February and March, much of the old magic was missing. Prime Minister Menzies, a Queen's man, received the Order of the Thistle, and was dubbed Sir Robert, an honor that may have helped to relieve some of his personal hurt that the British government had chosen to put European unity, including political unity, ahead of the Commonwealth and its produce. But all Australians, including Sir Robert, were now acutely conscious that their security and prosperity could no longer be assured within the framework of their relationship with Britain, and also that, as West New Guinea had demonstrated, there were some differences in world perspective as seen from Washington and Canberra.

'Living With Asia'

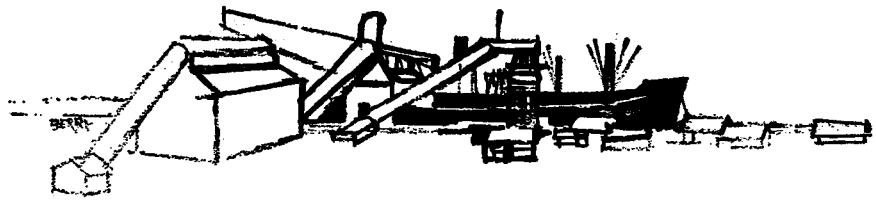
Traditionally, the Australians' responses have often been based on loyalty rather than logic. An agreeable summer and a benign winter have combined to produce an open-air nation of men and women who are sports-conscious rather than book-conscious and interested more in vigorous parish-pump politics than in foreign affairs. This is changing rapidly. "Living with Asia" has suddenly become a major topic of debate for the ten million prosperous, well-fed people who inhabit a continent that is almost as large in area as the United States but is situated less than half a day's jet flight away from a billion and a half Asian neighbors who are mostly neither prosperous nor well fed, some of them either chauvinistic and expansionist or Communist and expansionist, or both.

The prospect of sharing a boundary fence in New Guinea with expansionist Indonesia electrified the government into planning a crash program for Papua and the mandated Territory of New Guinea. The machinery for self-government will be created here within a ten-year period, little enough time to prepare Stone Age men to rule themselves, but much longer than the Australians are likely to be allowed to do the job.

Communist China is hammering at the gates of India and Indonesian officials are openly threatening Malaya, where Australia maintains a garrison of 1,500 men as part of the Commonwealth Strategic Reserve. The Indonesians seem intent on aborting the development of a Malaysian state and cheerfully announce their support in advance for any "liberation" movements that may develop in the Australian areas of New Guinea. Understandably, Australia has begun to take a belated, and reluctant, second look at defense.

In an emergency, Australia could put into the field and maintain in action for at least three months no more than its reinforced infantry battalion in Malaya and one regular battle group, in effect an enlarged infantry battalion with supporting arms and services, in all about 4,500 men.

Neither the navy nor the air force is much better off. The air force's four Sabre jet squadrons are being replaced with French Mirage III fighters, which, with three squadrons of outdated Canberra bombers, make up the front-line strength.



The navy is adding three submarines to its fleet, of which the nucleus is the aircraft carrier *Melbourne* (soon to be converted into an anti-submarine helicopter carrier) and four destroyers. Three guided-missile destroyers have also been ordered from the United States, but delivery is not expected to begin until 1965. On paper, at least, Australia is now completely overshadowed as a military power by Indonesia.

Curiously, there has been less pressure from top service leaders for increased defense expenditure (2.8 per cent of the gross national product, compared with about ten per cent in the United States) than there has been in lower military echelons, in the press, and in the external affairs department, where the problem of dealing with "tame" generals and admirals raises difficulties encountered in few other countries.

There was a real sense of dismay in inner circles of government, however, when Australia in a gesture of U.N., allied, and Commonwealth solidarity, offered the converted and obsolete aircraft carrier *Sydney* as a troop transport to repatriate the Pakistani battalion from its U.N. duties in West New Guinea and found that it was not only too small for the task but that it could be manned only by withdrawing two destroyers from duty in Southeast Asian waters.

That there is much Australia can do to improve its defenses is obvious. In the final analysis, however, it is doubtful that any amount the country might reasonably spend would be sufficient if it ever had to go it alone.

Rich and powerful friends are also better equipped to provide economic and technical aid for Southeast Asia, or so the argument runs. Australia's average annual contribution to the Colombo Plan has been about $11 million a year, a sufficient sum to make known the Australian interest in the general South and Southeast Asian area but insufficient to have had any real impact. Its most worthwhile effort has been in education, and some four thousand Asian students have now been trained in Australian universities and technical colleges under Colombo Plan scholarships. Not all the students have fitted well into their own environment after their Australian training, and some lead lonely lives here. Their presence has done much, however, to dispel ill-informed Australian notions about Asians, and in turn it has been responsible for some useful publicity in Asian countries, where the Australian policy of restricting immigration to those of white or predominantly white extraction is sometimes regarded as being merely another version of apartheid.

It is typical, however, that in fac-

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ing the dilemma of living with Asia, both political parties are lagging behind public opinion and have set themselves against any change in the White Australia policy. Officials justify it on the grounds that every Asian country has its own immigration restrictions, which is, of course, true. The difference is that most Asian countries do not want migrants and Australia, with fewer than 400,000 inhabitants in a million and a quarter square miles of its tropical but largely habitable north, has been scouring the white world for them.

YET SLOWLY and cautiously, perhaps too slowly and cautiously, Australia is reacting to pressures and to the obvious needs of the situation. It has responded quickly to all requests from South Vietnam for building materials for the strategic-hamlet program. Thirty of its jungle-warfare experts are also working alongside the Americans in the field in Vietnam, a token contribution but useful as evidence that the American "imperialists" are not going it alone. Australian technicians have been working for some time on the Mekong Valley project, and an Australian pilot unit for building feeder roads in vulnerable northeastern Thailand has also been set up recently.

At the U.N.'s Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East conference in Manila in March, Australia surprised and pleased its Asian neighbors by applying for a change in status from a nonregional to a regional member. "We should not be standing outside talking about our Asian fellow members but standing with them in these discussions and thinking of the whole region," said Sir Garfield Barwick, the external affairs minister, in a report to parliament. In such a role, Barwick himself at the height of the Malaysian crisis helped to relieve the tensions that were rapidly building up between Indonesia, Malaya, and the Philippines. All of this is no doubt gratifying to the policymakers in Washington, but they can scarcely be blamed for feeling that they bear a disproportionate share of the load in the defense of what is, after all, the Australian front line.

The End of a Dream In Southern Rhodesia

CLAIRE STERLING

SALISBURY

IN ONE FORM or another, about nine-tenths of Africa is now firmly in African hands. The rest lies in an inverted triangle in the bottom of the continent: Portuguese Mozambique and Angola, the Rhodesian Federation, and the Republic of South Africa. All four are interesting, of course, to African nationalist leaders. But it is the Federation that has their concentrated attention at the moment. For it is here, in the northern half of this once unassailable territory, that Pan-Africanism has just made a big breakthrough. Now that the British government has agreed to allow Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland to secede from the Federation, Southern Rhodesia is the only white government left between the African states and South Africa.

There is no doubt that the Southern Rhodesians are going to put up a stiff fight. The white community is not limited to colonial civil servants and a handful of migrant settlers. It is made up of 235,000 people whose families, in many cases, have lived in southern Africa for three hundred years, and whose average standard of living is the highest in the world. Their capital, here at Salisbury, is as modern and wealthy as Dallas (and a lot cheaper to live in). Their connections are powerful in both London and Johannesburg. Their army of twenty-four thousand well-trained troops has the best equipment that money can buy. Every European farm in the colony is radio-connected to a local police station which, in turn, has ground-to-air communication with army helicopters on twenty-four-hour patrol; and there is scarcely a corner of the rolling, open countryside where a terrorist could hide. All that might have been lacking in this community until recently was a willingness to handle the African question as remorselessly as it is handled in Johannesburg. But even that has changed since last December's election was won by the Rhodesian Front. If the Front's policies are not quite as brutally candid as South African apartheid, they reflect the same uncompromising will to rule.

It doesn't seem likely, therefore, that African nationalists could take Southern Rhodesia by frontal assault. Nevertheless, they have some subtler weapons, the most important of which is the British government. Great Britain's influence is no longer what it used to be in this aggressively independent colony, which has been governing itself since 1923. But the final power to decide the colony's future still rests with Whitehall; and Whitehall must take into account the opinions, not just of 235,000 British subjects in Southern Rhodesia, but of 725 million others in the Commonwealth—of whom five-sixths are Asian and African.

A Doomed Federation

The colored Commonwealth's feelings on the subject are more than usually strong. From the time the Rhodesian Federation came into being in 1953, it has been a primary target for Britain's anticolonial lobby and, because of its prime minister's extraordinary ability alternately to charm and to intimidate the British Tories, a maddeningly elusive one. For a great many Africans and Asians, Sir Roy Welensky is the archetype of a colonial villain, and his Federation has been a particularly sly arrangement to perpetuate white rule.

It was on the insistence of the Southern Rhodesians that the Federation was formed, against the wishes of practically all the other people concerned and Britain's own better judgment. The union consisted of three contiguous but disparate territories: Northern Rhodesia (73,000 white and 2,360,000 black inhabitants); Southern Rhodesia (235,000 and 2,860,000); and

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Nyasaland (9,000 and 2,770,000). The inclusion of Nyasaland was more or less a British afterthought: a helplessly dependent protectorate of the Colonial Office, it could only be, and has been, the Federation's economic back yard. On the other hand, each of the Rhodesias had an immense economic potential. But Northern Rhodesia's was greater, since it included $360 million worth of copper production a year. While this helps explain why the Southern Rhodesians cared so much for Federation and their northern neighbors didn't, there are other reasons.

For Northern Rhodesia's Africans, the Federation was a threat of doom. Like Nyasaland, their territory was a British protectorate that had become one not by conquest but through a negotiated treaty with tribal chiefs. Under the treaty and the traditionally judicious rule of the Colonial Office, conditions and political prospects for the Africans were incomparably better than those prevailing south of the Zambezi River. The Colonial Office was committed to protect the natives' interests, and ninety-five per cent of the land was reserved for their use. Since that left little incentive for white settlers anywhere but in the Copper Belt, which could not absorb many, the European community was small and comparatively detached in racial outlook. Left to itself, therefore, the territory had every chance of attaining self-government, if not sooner then certainly no later than all the others of similar rank on the Colonial Office's waiting list.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA was an altogether different story. Forcibly conquered by Cecil Rhodes and his chartered British South Africa Company, it remained pretty much the company's private affair until Britain gave it self-rule. From the earliest days, it attracted white settlers from South Africa and elsewhere, drawn by a nearly total freedom from British interference, a flawless climate, and endless tracts of fertile land, half of which (including the best, the temperate highlands) was set aside for the Europeans. As a result, the Africans' land hunger has grown more intense with every passing year, while European farmers, putting all their skill and capital into large-scale tobacco-growing and other crops, have been growing richer and richer. The natural consequence has been an angrier African nationalist movement, and harsher European policies to suppress it.

For the white Southern Rhodesians, the Federation plan had some striking advantages. The northern Copper Belt's substantial tax revenues would be pooled; the big copper companies would be strongly tempted to invest in the south, where a very much larger white community could promise skilled labor, administrative efficiency, and an abounding spirit of enterprise; and the Northern Rhodesian protectorate, though still ruled formally by the emancipation-prone Colonial Office, would move into the orbit of Southern Rhodesia's European community, greatly reinforced by the enlargement of its geographical and political jurisdiction. All this has happened, and more. In barely ten years, the Federation astounded everyone with its economic growth: its network of highways, railroads, airlines, hydroelectric power (from the huge Kariba Dam), and its industries now second only to South Africa's on the continent. The Southern Rhodesians themselves have acquired more cars and money per family than the average family in the United States. Yet they might be better off today if they had decided, ten years ago, to go it alone.

Most of the country's growth in this decade was based on the assumption that the Federation would last. Yet, considering its structure and the trend of history in 1953, that was a large assumption. While the federal government was given extensive power over its three member countries, for instance, they were not complete. Each of the three had the right to move at its own political pace, with its own constitution and local government: Southern Rhodesia's, based on an essentially all-white franchise, fell just short of dominion status; Northern Rhodesia's and Nyasaland's continued to depend largely on the Colonial Office. For all Sir Roy's talents, it was not in his power to reverse a course of events that was soon to complete the dissolution of the entire British Empire. The Colonial Office could not refuse indefinitely to grant these two Federation protectorates self-rule once it had been granted to every other British possession in Africa. After a series of constitutional conferences beginning in 1960, it gave in.

The Desperate 'Front'

Characteristically, its surrender came in the form of three new constitutions so laboriously worded and infinitely complex that not many people could grasp their full import. But Sir Roy Welensky did. "The British Government," he said, "has ratted on us." From his own government's viewpoint, he was soon proved right. Under the broadened franchise in Northern Rhodesia's revised constitution, by-elections last December led to the formation of an African local government headed by Kenneth Kaunda, who promptly announced his intention to secede from the Federation. Two months later, on the basis of a still broader franchise, Nyasaland swore in its first African prime minister, Dr. Hastings Banda, who promptly announced his decision to secede. In December, Southern Rhodesia had turned Welensky's United Federal Party out of office after forty years of rule and put the Rhodesian Front in its place. The Front too announced its readi-

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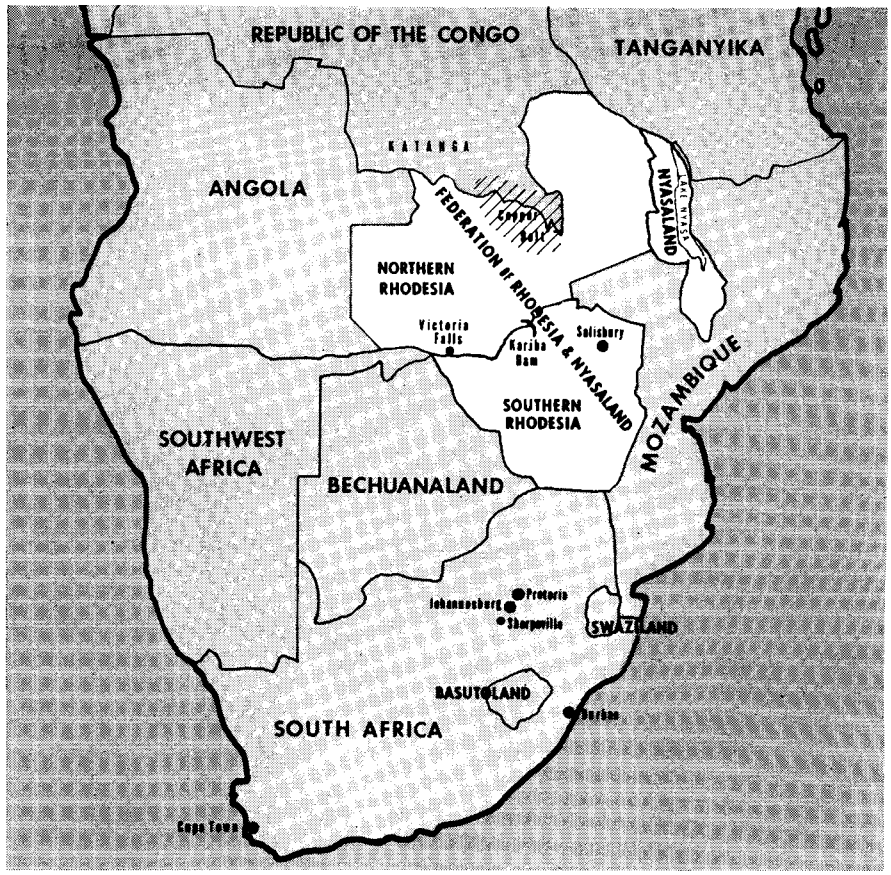
ness to secede, not only from the Federation but also from the Commonwealth. The Federation was to all intents and purposes dead from that moment on; and while all three member states may suffer somewhat from its passing—Nyasaland is going to need even bigger handouts than usual, for example—only Southern Rhodesia stands to be badly hurt.

By now, the Southern Rhodesian economy is dangerously dependent on the north for markets and development capital. Among other things, thirty per cent of its machine-shop production and forty per cent of its textiles are sold in Northern Rhodesia; and since its economy cannot keep pace with the growth in population—partly because new settlers had been flocking in to share its wealth—its need for Copper Belt capital has grown desperate. Northern Rhodesia, however, is now governed by the most dedicated Pan-African leader of them all. Kaunda is a man of rare qualities, cultivated, temperate, patient, and remarkably free of racial animosity. But he is not interested in brotherly trade arrangements with his southern neighbors, especially with their new Front government. On the contrary, he has sound reasons to put up a solid tariff wall on his southern border, permitting him not only to redirect his trade northward, toward his fellow African governments, but also to develop his own textile industry and machine shops. As far as he is concerned, he says, the Southern Rhodesians can eat their blankets; and while that might leave the Northern Rhodesians to chew their copper, there isn't much doubt which would make the better meal. Kaunda also happens to be on excellent terms with the big copper companies, Anglo-American and the Rhodesian Selection Trust, which are most anxious to keep on good terms with him. In all likelihood, therefore, their development capital will tend to stay in the north from now on, giving Kaunda his textile factories and machine shops. Indeed, the Rhodesian Selection Trust has already arranged to move its headquarters to Kaunda's capital, Lusaka, leaving behind a new twenty-story office building in Salisbury whose empty floors may be the portent of worse to come.



There are already signs here in Southern Rhodesia of advancing economic deterioration. It began in 1960, with the first evidence of the Federation's approaching collapse and, not accidentally, the simultaneous spurt in African terrorist activity. Since then, the flow of foreign capital has dried up; fifteen per cent of Salisbury's office space is vacant; unemployment is up to ten per cent and getting chronic; local industries—clothing, textiles, jeep assembly plants—are planning new branches in the north rather than expansion on the spot; and the government's finances have become so shaky that a recent $10-million British loan for African housing has gone to meet the civil-service payroll instead.

It was in these precarious circumstances that the Rhodesian Front came to power last December, to the considerable satisfaction of Joshua Nkomo's outlawed African Nationalist Party (ZAPU) and, after some reflection, the consternation of the Europeans.

NKOMO'S REASONING was simple and perhaps ingenuous. Under the old United Federal Party's rule, African life was hard but, for practical political purposes, not quite hard enough. If Welensky had been intractable on racial questions in the federal cabinet, Sir Edgar Whitehead's local government had been somewhat more yielding. Its policies had been based mostly on expediency; reform had regularly followed riot, along with additional laws to prevent further riots; and though Whitehead personally favored an accelerated course toward multiracial rule, he had not managed to carry his party much beyond the desegregation of municipal swimming pools. But the new constitution was to bring Africans into parliament for the first time, the Federal Party was in the novel position of needing their votes, and Sir Edgar therefore could and did talk the party into taking an advanced racial stand in the elections: complete desegregation in public places; Africanization of the civil service; major changes in the Land Apportionment Act to be followed eventually by full repeal; and a further broadening of the franchise that might, in eight or ten years, lead to an African majority in parliament. Nkomo and his

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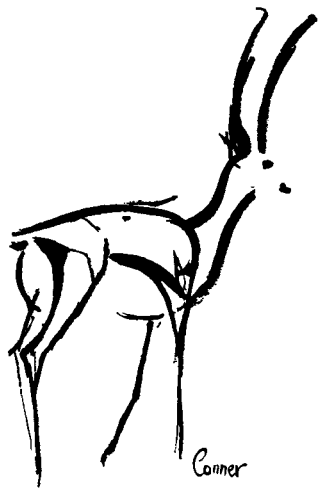
colleagues naturally did not want to wait that long. They thereupon ordered an election boycott which, since it was ninety per cent effective among eligible African voters, caused the downfall of the Whitehead government. Whether or not that was the Africans' only objective, it was an important one. While they themselves might consider the Federal Party program inadequate, they felt it was reasonable enough to win a lot of sympathy in London and even in the U.N. On the other hand, the Rhodesian Front was just the kind of party to get everyone's back up, both in London and New York. In fact, practically the whole world would sympathize with the African nationalists here under the Front's racist government.

All things considered, therefore, the African nationalists believed that the Rhodesian Front government would bring them considerable if unintended advantages, and it was not long after the election before many Europeans came to the same conclusion. This was true not only of Federal Party voters but also of the fifty-three per cent who had voted for the Front for any number of reasons: because they'd been out of a job too long, or feared that an African would get their civil-service job, or were bored—or disillusioned—with the party of the Establishment, or wanted to teach Britain a lesson, or were simply thrown into emotional confusion by the Front's posters showing the legs of black and white schoolgirls side by side under the caption "We are not ready for this." Except for the big tobacco farmers, who tend to think as the Afrikaners do farther south, few of these voters are psychologically prepared for the Front's policies. Quite a few, indeed, are appalled by what may be in store.

All Must Sink Together

The Front has not officially adopted apartheid. Nevertheless, it is committed to keeping the Southern Rhodesian government "permanently in responsible hands," ensuring that there will be "no dominance of the African over the European," preserving the Land Apportionment Act, and restoring full racial segregation in the cities as well as on the land. There is only one difference between its Community Development Plan and the South African Bantustans: where the latter plan provides for two sets of rigidly separated racial communities, the Front's plan calls for three—a white one, a black one, and another small one where whites and blacks may mingle if they like that sort of thing.

In the event of African resistance to these policies, the Front is frankly prepared to show no mercy. One of its first acts in office was to propose the so-called "Hanging Bill" which provides a mandatory death sentence for any person convicted of throwing a gasoline bomb, irrespective of whether it is aimed at persons or property; execution or life imprisonment for setting fires in any way damaging persons, buildings, or vehicles; a twenty-year sentence for unlawful possession of offensive



weapons or materials; and flogging in all cases where neither the death nor life sentences apply.

Assuming this program can be carried out by the Rhodesian Front government, it is hard to see where the advantages lie for the Africans. Yet it is not at all certain that the program *can* be carried out. While the new Southern Rhodesian constitution permits any change for the better in regard to African rights, for instance, it forbids any change for the worse; and the colony's courts are far too scrupulous to sanction a violation of the constitution. The Front is already in juridical trouble, therefore, not just with its Hanging Bill but even with its less scandalous proposal to resegregate municipal swimming pools. ("We are told that we may sink together but may on no account swim together," says an African journalist here, "but things are likely to end up the other way round.") Consequently, the Front's leaders cannot really get very far unless they are prepared deliberately to stray beyond legal bounds. In that event, they would have to face the prospect of a sharp break with the British government and the Commonwealth, and a head-on clash with the U.N.; and though they claim to be perfectly ready for this, they are privately consumed by doubt.

Southern Rhodesia is not South Africa, either in terms of size, or self-generating wealth, or the proportionate strength of whites to blacks. The Republic of South Africa can afford to flout world opinion because it has gold, diamonds, and machinery that the world wants badly enough to buy under any political conditions. It could also afford to leave the British Commonwealth in 1961 because it is almost wholly self-supporting and needs no financial help from anyone. Furthermore, it has three million white inhabitants as against eleven million blacks, a ratio of nearly one to three: and, lest Rhodesian Front leaders entertain any hopes of merging with it in this emergency, it has repeatedly denied any intention of weakening that ratio by taking on another 2,860,000 blacks (who are politically very lively) and only 235,000 more whites. South Africa, as its high commissioner in Salisbury points out, has enough headaches without that. The best it can do is offer the Southern Rhodesians $20 million a year to keep their army going.

The Front's leaders could certainly use the money, though it would not cover more than two-thirds of the present army budget. Beyond that, however, they do not have the gold, diamonds, and heavy machinery to ensure a stable independent economy. Their own, on the contrary, depends on uncertain world tobacco prices and secondary industries designed for a disappearing market, and is already in decline. What's more, they simply do not have enough white inhabitants for a robust apartheid policy. The ratio here is not one to three but one to

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twelve—too many whites to be thrown out, as one Rhodesian has observed, but too few to really stand up and fight.

For all their bluster, therefore, the Front leaders will probably not be eager to break the colony's slender ties with Britain. At most, when the wreckage of Federation is cleared away, they might demand dominion status, leaving them free to write their own constitution and handle their race problems without tiresome interference from the Foreign Office or the Colonial Office. At the moment, however, their most pressing concern is not how to handle their own Africans but how to handle Northern Rhodesia's Kaunda, without whose economic collaboration they are facing ruin.

The African nationalists here are perfectly willing to endorse a request for dominion status, provided it is granted after a new constitution is drafted, with the kind of franchise that will lead to an African majority in parliament. They might retreat from this position, but not very far. However threatening the Southern Rhodesian army and the stance of the Rhodesian Front government, Nkomo's party has three extremely effective ways of striking back: it can always, without actually risking large-scale warfare, stage hit-and-run terrorist raids judiciously timed for any London constitutional conferences or sessions of the U.N. Assembly; it has the whole colored Commonwealth to lobby for it in both places; and, regardless of hopes to the contrary in Salisbury or London, it has Kaunda.

A Lawyer Leaves Mississippi

BARBARA CARTER

"ARE YOU AFRAID to go back?" I asked him.

"Well, let's put it this way," the young man said, putting down his coffee cup. "Let's say I know how the system works. I've seen it in operation. It's just a matter of facing facts. My life wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel in a Mississippi jail."

William L. Higgs, twenty-seven, is the only white lawyer in Mississippi who has handled civil-rights cases. He was arrested on February 1, three and a half hours after filing suit to have Dewey Greene, Jr., admitted as the second Negro to attend the University of Mississippi, Higgs's own alma mater. The charge against him was contributing to the delinquency of a minor, a sixteen-year-old runaway boy from Pennsylvania. Solely on his testimony, a Jackson jury convicted Higgs *in absentia*, on February 15, and sentenced him to six months in prison, the maximum penalty for the misdemeanor. Disbarment proceedings against him are being considered.

Higgs has already had a taste of what life for him would be like in a Mississippi jail. Last June he was arrested in Clarksdale, after attending a campaign meeting for one of the first two Mississippi Negroes to run for Congress since Reconstruction. Though jailed for twenty hours, he was not allowed to make a phone call. He was held, he was told, "on suspicion," but of what was never explained. The sheriff, however, called him a "traitor," and his deputy threatened to kill him. "He could have easily," Higgs is convinced, "and gotten away with it." The experience has some bearing on his reluctance to return.

The day before his trial began, he issued a statement in New York: "I would not hesitate for one minute to have this charge heard by a jury any place in the United States where its members would not face economic reprisal, social ostracism and possible physical harm by returning a verdict of not guilty . . ." The charge itself, Higgs added, almost as if it were unnecessary to say so, is "completely false."

Contributing to the delinquency of a minor is not a particularly imaginative charge to be leveled against liberals in Mississippi. Aaron Henry, the state president of the NAACP, was convicted on a similar charge last year. When he called the prosecution a frame-up, he was sued for $40,000 by local officials, and he lost that case too. Both decisions are now on appeal. Higgs, however, doesn't care to appeal. He has decided to make his living outside the state and has been helped by awards from two groups associated with the American Civil Liberties Union for his work on civil rights.

And Then There Was One

With Bill Higgs out of Mississippi, only one white lawyer who regularly handles civil-rights cases remains in all twelve Southern states, John P. Nelson, Jr., of New Orleans. A few others on rare occasions have taken on such cases—in Miami, for instance, some are willing to do so, but Miami is not a typical Southern city. And though there is a white lawyer beginning practice in Alabama who has taken on a few Negro civil-rights cases, he has also represented segregationists in their suits, and how long he will be able to work both sides of the street is difficult to say.

Some Southern white lawyers draw a cautious line between Negro civil rights and other minorities' civil rights. One, for instance, was willing to bring a school desegregation suit on behalf of a Turkish and Indian minority but not on behalf of Negroes; another was willing to bring a school desegregation case on behalf of liberal white clients as long as no Negro was listed among the plaintiffs. But on the whole, a white Southern lawyer's appearance in this field is rare and remarkable. After all, he stands to lose his white clients while facing a mounting ostracism. Besides the obvious repercussions, there is no guarantee that he will earn the trust of the Negro community by handling a civil-rights suit, and no guarantee that the Negroes will forsake Negro lawyers to give him their business. Higgs, for instance, gained the confidence of only those Negroes who knew him well. Moreover, Southern judges, other lawyers in Southern courts, and Southerners in general "can understand why a Negro takes these cases," as Higgs has explained, "but a white who turns against the

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system—that hurts." The special animosity reserved for the white Southerner who enters a case on the side of a Negro can have some influence on the outcome.

Consequently, all but a few of the civil-rights cases on the docket today, numbering about 135 (not counting some forty brought by the Federal government in connection with Negro voting rights and a handful taken on by the American Civil Liberties Union) have been initiated by local Southern Negroes. Most of the Negro civil-rights lawyers are in the larger cities, such as Atlanta, Memphis, and Birmingham. There are none in the rural areas, where the need is sometimes greatest. The Negro lawyer, of course, does not face the same penalties as the white man handling civil-rights cases. His practice may well be enhanced by it, although wealthy Negro lawyers are rare. The cases usually are time-consuming and unprofitable. Three hundred and three Freedom Riders, for instance, charged with breach of the peace, went through a Mississippi county court last year at the rate of two a day; and as many as seven hundred people were involved in litigation following the Albany, Georgia, sit-ins last year. But the numbers are only part of the story. Each case usually moves slowly on appeal from court to court, frequently reaching the Supreme Court.

Moreover, civil-rights law today has become an intricate specialty, like patent law or copyright and antitrust law. It requires both ability and experience to handle a case successfully. Of the eighty Negro lawyers in the South who take civil-rights cases, a number do excellent work—a few are Harvard graduates—but none are engaged full time in the field. Some are just beginning practice, and others leave a good deal to be desired.

In Mississippi, to take a relevant but extreme example, there are only four Negro lawyers. Three will handle civil-rights cases, but only one, R. Jess Brown, has had any formal training in law. Until recently, one was a part-time mailman. With Higgs out of Mississippi, Brown apparently has become the next target. Originally brought into court this April to face possible contempt charges, he now faces possible disciplinary action because one of the plaintiffs in a school desegregation case he is handling has suddenly denied authorizing him to represent her. Although he has proof of her explicit authorization, his defense will be not only costly and time-consuming, but could result in disbarment from the U.S. District Court.

For all but a dozen of the 135 cases mentioned, the local Negro lawyers have found it necessary to turn to the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund for support and advice. "We're specialists in the field," Jack Greenberg, the director of the fund, told me recently. "We draft briefs, conduct the preliminary suits, argue the cases in court, and pay expenses for competent Negro local lawyers. Usually we're in the cases pretty deeply." Last year the fund operated on voluntary contributions amounting to $670,000, and it hopes to get more this year.

I asked Greenberg, a white native New Yorker, if he wasn't regarded as an outsider when he appeared in Southern courts. "We're almost considered a part of the legal community," he replied. "In the district

courts, we don't catch too much hell. The opposing lawyers regard us fairly impersonally and they're pretty used to us by now."

GREENBERG'S position as a white outsider contrasts sharply with Higgs's as a native Mississippian. Higgs appeared dangerous on two counts. He was the only lawyer in the state with a high degree of formal training who took on civil-rights cases, and he was a Southern white who betrayed the system. "Fairly impersonal" treatment in his case was evidently not considered appropriate.

How did a native Mississippian, one of whose ancestors signed the Ordinance of Secession, become a champion of Negro civil rights? After graduating from Harvard five years ago, and serving a brief stint with the Army, Higgs joined a big law firm in Jackson. Less than a year later, in the summer of 1959, he decided to run for the legislature. This forced him to make a choice. "The law is a jealous mistress," he was told, and his firm would not permit him to remain if he ran for office. He chose to run, and lost. It is interesting that he ran as a segregationist.

"My development has been a progression," Higgs told me, "like the development of common law. But even while I was paying lip service to segregation, I was advocating token integration."

At any rate, after the election Higgs turned to private practice; and as with most young, inexperienced, and consequently inexpensive lawyers, his first clients were drawn from the poor, mainly Negroes. He handled their divorce cases, their suits involving property rights and welfare payments, and a few criminal suits. "I began to see that everything was for the white only in Mississippi, that it was a government of whites for whites. And, as I saw through these cases what was happening, I felt I was the only one in a position to do anything about it."

A year later, in June, 1960, he ran for Congress against the outspoken segregationist John Bell Williams. This time he had some labor backing, but though he lost again, the important thing to him was that he had been able to make four half-hour speeches on TV. He was beginning to sound somewhat more than "moderate," as Mississippi understands the word. But Higgs was still far from doing anything that would result in his being run out of the state.

"I've become a sort of lawyer's lawyer," he explained. He helped prepare briefs and arguments for the local Negro lawyers who handled cases involving civil rights, and he takes credit for first suggesting that a Mississippi Negro run for Congress. A number of cases, however, he filed in his own name.

"By January, 1961," Higgs recalled, "I knew my days were numbered." This was the month when he was joined by a Jackson grocer and two labor officials in an unusual suit against both the Mississippi Sov-

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ereignty Commission, Governor Ross Barnett's agency devoted to maintaining the status quo, and the racist White Citizens Council. Higgs sued to have the state commission's sizable grants, then amounting to about $60,000 of the taxpayers' money, to the Citizens Council for radio and TV programs declared unconstitutional. Within minutes after Higgs filed the suit in the Federal district court, a member of the Citizens Council's board of directors, Judge Russell Moore III, appeared at the courthouse. According to Higgs, "If looks could kill, I'd have been dead then." It was the same Judge Moore who sentenced Higgs this February.

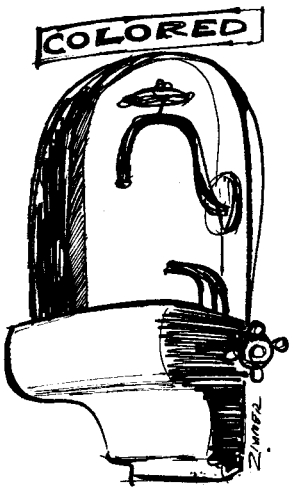
The suit against the Sovereignty Commission was never fully prosecuted, however. A three-man Federal court was appointed to hear the case, but the three judges were all native Mississippians, and their former opinions led the plaintiffs to believe that it was pointless to move for a hearing. The two labor officials, moreover, had been forced to withdraw from the suit by pressure from union members. "At least the monthly payments to the Citizens Council have been cut since then," Higgs told me, "from $5,000 to $2,000."

IT WAS BECAUSE of this suit that the threats started, and since January, 1961, Higgs has been regularly receiving ugly, vituperative phone calls, often past midnight. Nonetheless, two years ago he ran once more for office, again unsuccessfully, this time for the post of city commissioner and without labor support.

In the meantime, Higgs had been working on the Meredith case. "I was the first lawyer that Meredith came to," he told me, "and I've participated all the way through his case, although not as an attorney of record."

In December, 1961, his picture was taken with Meredith inside the Federal District Court building in Jackson during the hearings on Meredith's admission to Ole Miss. The Jackson *Daily News* ran a two-column, front-page photo of the tall blond lawyer accompanying Meredith, and an employee of the Citizens Council told him later that his picture "has been sent to every law enforcement officer throughout the state." His days in Mississippi were drawing to a close.

During his last year, in fact, he spent more time out of the state than in, studying as a Lasker Fellow



at Brandeis University and accepting invitations to lecture at other Northern universities, including Harvard and Oberlin. But the "lawyer's lawyer" was still filing suits in his own name in his home state. Two months after his arrest last summer in Clarksdale, he lost whatever favor he might have had with the Jackson police by filing a suit for $44,000 damages against three of their number and a municipal judge on behalf of four Episcopalian ministers who had been members of a Freedom Ride. One was Father Robert L. Pierson, Governor Rockefeller's son-in-law. The suit is still pending. (Higgs has had little luck with any of his suits.)

At the beginning of this year, he filed another suit jointly with several others, including Robert Moses, the head of the Negro voting drive in Mississippi, against Attorney General Robert Kennedy and J. Edgar Hoover, seeking to require them to supply protection at Mississippi courthouses when informed of Negro registration drives. But by then the end was in sight, for it was well known that Higgs was handling Dewey Greene's case.

A Visitor Departs

At this point an unexpected element became a part of Higgs's history when he met a young man at the YMCA, where he regularly exercised. "He called himself Tom Bono, said he was nineteen, and that both his parents were dead. He was apparently ill, coughed a good deal, and had an eye infection. He said he needed work." Higgs sent him to his doctor and gave him odd jobs, carpentry and painting, around his house. "Oh, sure, he stayed at the house," Higgs explained. "I wanted to have as many people around me as possible. Since last summer a hundred to two hundred students from Northern colleges who came down to join in the voting campaigns or to study Mississippi race relations have stayed with me in Jackson."

On returning from a short trip to Boston, Higgs found that Tom Bono "wasn't working out" and told him to leave. It happened to be two days before Dewey Greene was to make his second attempt to enter Ole Miss. Tom Bono repaid Higgs by taking his car when he left, and promptly got into an accident with it the same night. The Jackson police picked him up but didn't notify Higgs. Two days later, on January 31, Higgs inquired about his car, and was told that the boy, now named William McKinley Daywalt III, and now said to be sixteen, was going to prefer charges against him for keeping him away from his parents, now said to be living near Norristown, Pennsylvania. Uglier accusations were also included in the boy's affidavit. Yet Higgs was not immediately arrested, although the Jackson police had no reason to be friendly toward him. (They had, in fact, picked him up several weeks earlier on a charge of reckless driving, which was quickly dismissed when Higgs took it to court.)

That same morning Dewey Greene had applied to the university and was turned down. The next afternoon, February 1, Higgs filed suit and then the law moved swiftly. By 6:30 he was under arrest, and it took him until ten that evening to raise the $500 bail. He stayed on in Mississippi to argue Greene's case before a Federal court in Hattiesburg, but on February 5, after the suit was denied on the ground that Greene had not exhausted all administrative appeals for admission, Bill Higgs left Mississippi for good.

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The Day The News Managers Quit

A Fable of the New Frontier

WARD S. JUST

READERS of the Washington *Post and Times-Herald* that morning had a nagging feeling that something was not quite right. The page opposite the editorial page did not contain "The Day In Congress," a compendium of all the Congressional committee meetings with room number and subject. An oversight? Unlikely, for important hearings were in progress and nearly every reporter in Washington consults it at one time or another. It is as much a staple as the revelations of society writer Winzola McClendon. As reporters tried to piece it together later, however, the missing "Day in Congress" became the ominous tip-off that (as the *Post* later headlined) "SOMETHING BIG IS HAPPENING IN WASHINGTON." The first fact was that Richard L. Embly, the superintendent of the House Press Gallery, had quit. For years a member of Embly's staff had placed a daily call to every committee of the House of Representatives to find out their schedule for the following day. He would then give the information to the wire services. Senate reporters, as a rule more leisurely than their House counterparts, soon learned that Joseph E. Wills, the superintendent of the Senate Press Gallery, had also quit. The result was that no one knew which committees were meeting, or where.

Over in the State Department, there were no appointment lists for the Secretary, the Under Secretary, the Under Secretary for Political Affairs, or the Administrator of AID. Two midwestern correspondents wanted an interview with Assistant Secretary G. Mennen Williams, but could not locate his press officer, Sidney H. Fine. Mr. Fine, the reporters were told, was out and it was unlikely he would return. Two other reporters had an early morning meeting with another high official who seemed uncertain of his answers because *his* press agent was also missing. Yemen erupted and there was no one to comment. Five reporters were waiting outside Room 6804 in the State Department building to talk to Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs Robert J. Manning. "Manning isn't here," a secretary said curtly. "We don't know where he is." The correspondents relighted their pipes and went down to the canteen for coffee.

"The hell with Manning," one of them said. "We'll wait for Linc White's noon briefing."

NO ONE THEN KNEW that News Office Director Lincoln White was at that moment supine beside the Attorney General's swimming pool, alongside two other press officers and an unimpeachable source from the Federal Communications Commission. Sitting in the Attorney General's inner tube in the middle of the pool was Pierre Salinger, the President's press secretary. Salinger was doing most of the talking.

It was that way all over town. Reporters drifting into the White House at 10.30 found *both* Priscilla Ware and Jill Cowan (loosely, but widely known as Fiddle and Faddle) out, the press office dark, and the bulky figures of Salinger and Associate Press Secretary Andrew T. Hatcher nowhere to be found. Pamela Turnure, the First Lady's press secretary, had gone fishing, according to a watchman. Pam Turnure fishing? It was all too improbable to be true, but then it was time for lunch. Not until 2:30 p.m., with wire service reporters clamoring for an overnight story, did anyone suspect the truth. Finding only officials in town, correspondents called their colleagues. Arthur Sylvester, it developed, was taking a singing lesson, Edwin O. Guthman of the Justice Department was on a hike, and Daniel B. Beard of the National Park Service was at Yellowstone. A reporter who called the Agriculture Department for a statement on potatoes was told to go to hell. The suspicious reporter heard raucous laughter and the clinking of glasses.

By the end of the third day (it was terribly difficult for the correspondents to get all their information collated) it was finally decided that every public-affairs officer in the United States government had gone on strike. On *strike?* "NEWS MANAGEMENT BECOMES NEWS LABOR," was the way the New York Daily *News* put it.

"OPEN CITY," ran the headline in *Time*. For a while, there was a good deal of hilarity.

It did not last long. Mimeograph machines ground to a halt; there was no one to operate them, or release their contents. Because no one knew who was seeing whom, correspondents had to stand outside office doors and query callers as they entered. At the State Department, an informal pool arrangement existed until an AP man fell asleep in front of Llewellyn E. Thompson's office door minutes before Frol Kozlov arrived. The Berlin crisis was settled twelve hours before anyone knew about it. Officials were helpful at holding briefings, but never seemed to know what to say. The Secretary of State held two briefings on the same subject in the same day, and thoughtlessly contradicted himself. Aging correspondents took to covering the House and Senate, where activity was visible and all that was needed was a pad and pencil. One day so many correspondents arrived that they spilled over the press gallery into the visitors gallery displacing 115 school children from St. Louis. The New York *Times* added a dozen

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men to its Washington bureau and even then it missed the crucial news that the CIA had been merged with the Renegotiation Board. It took several days to confirm the fact, because no one at CIA would answer the telephone and reporters failed to locate the Renegotiation Board.

THESE EVENTS were embarrassing but not disastrous. It was only when the President was discovered to have emplaned for Paris to negotiate a non-agression pact with General de Gaulle that the press decided steps should be taken. At a stormy meeting of the Gridiron Club, James Reston of the New York *Times,* Chalmers Roberts of the Washington *Post,* and Walter Trohan of the Chicago *Tribune* were named to head a committee of correspondents. The exact authority of the committee was never made entirely clear, but its purpose was to manage the flow of news.

Everyone realized that this was, at best, a stop-gap arrangement. Powerful voices in the press corps (none of whom really understood what the strike was all about, since the managers refused to be interviewed) urged mediation of the strike itself. "The issue must be negotiated," counseled Walter Lippmann. Roscoe Drummond urged a re-thinking. It remained for Stewart Alsop and Charles Bartlett, writing the inside story for the *Saturday Evening Post,* to give the first inside accounts of the demands of the striking managers. "There is disagreement about what Pierre's role really was," Alsop and Bartlett quoted a non-admiring manager as having said. Salinger broke a month-long silence to deny this, but his position was undercut. News later seeped out that he had been replaced by Arthur Sylvester.

It was a sorry season for the American newspaper reader. (The television networks, which filed suit in Federal court, hardly counted at all after the strike began. They didn't know where to set up their cameras.) The committee of correspondents tried to co-ordinate matters, but the press was suspicious. When Reston revealed in a column that a deputy assistant postmaster had been fired, his colleagues nearly revolted. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* skeptical from the first, carried a piece entitled, "The Inside Story of the Committee of Correspondents." Its gist was that the three members were using it for their own personal advantage.

After two months without handouts, the situation became critical. No one knew about oil imports, shipping subsidies, or unemployment; worse yet, the remarks of Hubert H. Humphrey went unrecorded. By then, Reston, Roberts, and Trohan had worked out an arrangement with the President whereby he would brief them, and they in turn would brief the correspondents. This situation had its obvious disadvantages, however, because the rank and file reporters felt that information was being withheld. At length the Gridiron Club held a second meeting and disbanded the committee. An ultimatum released the following day demanded the return of the news managers, and listed a long line of abuses: The White House had covered up Presidential activity; the President had met with Roger Blough, President Nasser, and James R. Hoffa and there had been no announcement. McGeorge Bundy had been replaced by Nelson Rockefeller. Lester Lanin now headed the Fine Arts Commission. The south lawn of the White House had been sold to Webb & Knapp. The statement concluded that "the American people will not tolerate the un-management of news."

As it was by then only three months before the elections, and Lou Harris polls were rumored to show a .02 per cent decline in the President's popularity, the White House acted swiftly. A Supreme Court justice was routed out of bed by the FBI and ordered to sign a Taft-Hartley injunction. Troops were dispatched to escort the news managers back to work. "Mr. Kennedy has earned the gratitude of a nation that demands to be informed," declared the New York *Times.* "THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT," bannered the *Herald-Tribune.* Mr. Kennedy, as the world now knows, took the plaudits with characteristic grace. It was Richard Nixon who gave the abortive revolt its epitaph. "There is no right to strike against the public safety anywhere, anytime," he told Jack Paar.

Terra Incognita

MAYA PINES

GENERATIONS of American children have been raised on textbooks that referred to Asians and other non-western peoples as "barbarians," "uncivilized," or "backward." Until as late as the Second World War, it seemed that nobody questioned this attitude. Except for a few specialists in the universities, nobody cared enough about Asia, Africa, or Latin America to study them at all.

When new nations began to appear all over the map, however, some educators realized that our children had better learn about these areas —after all, they represented two-thirds of the world. Slowly, in a scattered way, a movement was begun to reform history textbooks. This drive has made some progress in recent years, as a recent meeting sponsored by the U. S. National Commission for UNESCO made clear, but it still suffers from lack of focus and particularly from an absence of leadership.

Several years ago, Pennsylvania decided to make the teaching of "world cultures" obligatory in high schools as a substitute for the conventional course in so-called "world history." As Miss Florence Benjamin, a teacher, reported at the UNESCO meeting, "This threw the teachers into a state of consternation. They looked for a book that would do the synthesizing for them. They are still looking . . ."

In 1946, according to a report by the American Council on Education, stereotyped terms such as "backward peoples of the Orient," "natives," and "white man's burden" were commonly used. When Asian countries were mentioned at all, "students were led to see the culture, civilization and standards of living of the peoples of the East only

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through Western eye-glasses, which means those of a highly industrialized civilization. This may, and does, create in boys and girls a feeling of superiority, and a patronizing, pitying attitude."

Overt prejudice of this kind has gone out of style. By 1956 the U.S. Office of Education was able to assure UNESCO that derogatory terms about Asia had largely disappeared from American textbooks. It admitted, however, that "Changes come slowly, and pressures for the status quo are strong."

YET today the sins of omission remain almost as glaring as ever. The great men and ideas of Asian history are generally ignored. Countries appear and disappear on the stage of "world history" textbooks according to their military or economic contacts with the West. China, for instance, materializes at the time of the Opium War, and India during the period of British domination. In a sense, these ancient civilizations are treated as mere footnotes to the history of the West.

The textbook publishers themselves are more concerned with such specific matters as accuracy—which is sometimes hard for them to determine about unfamiliar areas—and the actual size and shape of their books. Adding large chunks of new material would pose a variety of problems: Should their books simply get bigger and heavier, or should they become smaller and more numerous? Do the school administrators whose approval is needed really want radical change? Now that textbooks are big business, the publishers cannot afford to forget that their investments may prosper or die for the most frivolous reasons, such as the number of colored pictures, the width of the margins, or the amount of space provided for Ireland. Competition is severe. The budget for textbooks is paralyzingly small. Since teachers can seldom obtain more than one book per pupil for each subject, they tend to select the one all-purpose book, even if it does badly what two or three other books might do much better.

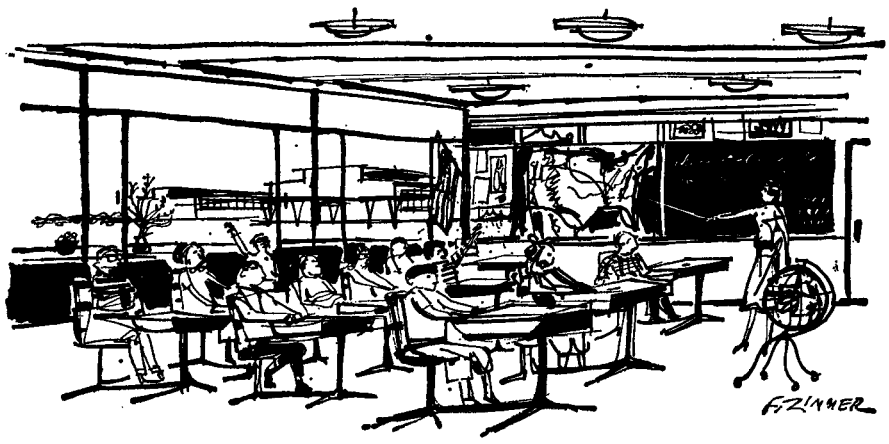
Again because of financial restrictions, most school libraries are unable to fill the gaps left by the history textbooks. This is particularly true in the elementary schools, many of which have no working library at all. It takes an unusually determined teacher to surmount all these obstacles and collect material on his own from outside sources, such as the Asia Society, which has prepared inexpensive "teachers' packets" on various areas and lists of recommended books and films.

According to Dr. Seymour Fersh, director of educational resources for the Asia Society, the real bottleneck in teaching about non-western cultures is not the lack of published material but "teachers who have neither the necessary background nor the logistic support, nor sometimes the will." Teachers' colleges, he feels, are largely responsible, since they themselves lack the necessary staff. As a remedial measure, the Asia Society has been sponsoring summer institutes for teachers and next summer will add a course particularly designed for teachers who are on the staffs of teachers' colleges.

Even the most enlightened teacher can do only so much without specific support from the top, however. Such support is essential to counteract fear of local vigilantes, to whom anything "international" may seem suspect. By default, the school administrators and local boards of education are probably the biggest bottleneck of all.

THOUGH it lacks the glamour of courses on Communism which are so fashionable nowadays, education about non-western cultures can gain broad community support, as has been demonstrated in Glens Falls, New York, in the past six years. Glens Falls, a community of eighteen thousand persons, has several industries that are interested in world trade. In previous years it supported "community ambassador" programs, and its board of education was easily convinced of the value of taking part in a pilot study sponsored by the National Council for the Social Studies in 1957. As a result, starting in kindergarten, all children in the city school system are now exposed to "an understanding of the world as a community"—not just through history classes but through every one of the courses they take. In music class, for instance, the teacher may point to similarities between Asian tonalities and "Auld Lang Syne." Boys and girls in biology class may study problems of world health. Even the youngest children, who traditionally start with a look at their own environment, are stimulated to think about the homes of children in other parts of the world.

The community's response has been so enthusiastic that this approach is now a permanent part of the school program, according to Harold M. Long, the project's director. At the beginning, of course, the materials were spotty and the teachers had to be retrained through special workshops and contacts with overseas visitors. A sum of $15,000 a year from private sources helped to see the program through its first three years. "Now only a minimal amount of money is needed to carry on," Mr. Long said. "It's really a very inexpensive program—any school system could do it. But it must be spontaneous within the school system, which will have to commit staff time for it and retrain its teachers,



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and it must have enough community support."

Although the Glens Falls pilot study has proved eminently successful, no other school system has yet been known to adopt the same program.

"IT IS A TRAGEDY that our children learn nothing about non-western cultures," Emerson Brown, a vice-president of the McGraw-Hill Book Company who has long been interested in this field, told an interviewer. Mr. Brown is convinced that "Publishers will publish all the necessary materials if they can only get some high-level guidance on goals."

Who, then, will take the lead? So far the general dissatisfaction with the limitations of our history textbooks has not produced the "high-level guidance" that would impel publishers to catch up with the twentieth century.

Brecht on Broadway

GERALD WEALES

IF WE FORGET the abortive production of *The Three-Penny Opera* that played for twelve performances in 1933 at the now-demolished Empire Theatre, *Mother Courage and Her Children,* at the Martin Beck, marks Bertolt Brecht's Broadway debut. It was a long time coming. There were a few off-Broadway productions in the 1930's, but it was not until after the Second World War that Brecht's international reputation became so great that Broadway production, despite all the brouhaha about who controls what rights, became inevitable. Although Brecht's theatre retains many of the characteristics of the German theatre of the 1920's out of which it was born—the tough cynicism of the political cabarets, the Expressionist borrowings from everything from vaudeville to Chinese theatre, the devices and chronicle method of Erwin Piscator's Epic Theatre—it has become a kind of touchstone for western drama. Brechtian is the proper-name adjective most often found these days in serious writing about the theatre—the new substitute for Shavian, Chekhovian, Ibsenite.

It is a little ironic (which is appropriate since irony, rather heavy-handed, is Brecht's primary literary tool) that he should have conquered the West after his return to East Germany and in the face of his plays' simplistic political and social statements which, if taken at their face value, seem as naïve as those of the American leftist theatre of the 1930's. Not that they should necessarily be taken at face value, since an ambiguity hovers over most of the Brecht plays, a reflection of the cynicism mentioned above which sleeps uneasily alongside a Marxism, formally embraced. In any case, it is not Brecht the Communist who has stirred up all the excitement; one says, "Yes—but" about Brecht's Communism, just as one does about that of Sean O'Casey.

In so far as the content of his plays may be said to have attracted audiences, the attraction lies in his satiric attack on a society animated by greed and nourished by war, not in the particular political implications of that attack. His reputation, however, lies less in his ideas about society and politics than in his ideas about the theatre. His indifference to conventional theatre, even though he breaks the form for didactic rather than aesthetic reasons, makes him right at home at a time when theatre experiments (even when the newness is often old hat) are fashionable. The success of the Berliner Ensemble, the theatre that he organized when he went back to East Berlin, is partly responsible for his swelling reputation, one that continued to grow even after his death in 1956.

BRECHT'S acceptance in this country has come a little more slowly. Largely through the efforts of Eric Bentley, whose adaptation of *Mother Courage* is being used at the Martin Beck, Brecht has found a home in the theatrical journals, in the bookstores, on the more imaginative regional and university stages. Except for the Marc Blitzstein version of *The Three-Penny Opera,* which holds the record for length of run off-Broadway, Brecht cannot really be said to have made an imprint on New York until the 1960's. Bentley's version of *The Private Life of the Master Race* did appear briefly off-Broadway in 1945, too late to be daring; Charles Laughton played for six performances in the title role of his own translation of *Galileo,* one of the Experimental Theatre productions of the 1947-1948 season; Uta Hagen played Shen Te in the unsuccessful Phoenix production of *The Good Woman of Setzuan* in 1956. The success of *The Three-Penny Opera* was probably more Kurt Weill's than Brecht's, but within the last few years Brecht has succeeded in his own right. *In the Jungle of Cities* became one of the successes of The Living Theatre in the 1960-61 season; *Brecht on Brecht,* a potpourri of poems, songs and scenes, was an off-Broadway hit for more than a year; earlier this season two versions of *Mann Ist Mann* vied for off-Broadway audiences. Now, *Mother Courage,* produced by Cheryl Crawford and Jerome Robbins, directed by Robbins, starring Anne Bancroft, has opened on Broadway (to mixed notices). In the provincial world of Sardi's and the American theatre, Brecht has arrived.

AS THE PLAY OPENED at the Martin Beck, there was a brief skirmish between the audience and stage, between two ideas of theatre, but it turned out to be an imaginary struggle. The cast lined up and, after the names of the play and the author were read out (as though we did not know what we had come to see), each actor stepped forward and introduced himself; the movement was quick and mechanical, emphasizing the group not the individual, and the incipient applause for the well-known names—Miss Bancroft, Barbara Harris—was stifled in the suggestion that this was not Broadway's traditional star-oriented production. A glance at the program, however, indicates that much dickering must have gone on about the size of type and the placement of names among the featured players. The two con-

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ventions had ended by absorbing one another.

I am not suggesting that Brecht was somehow reduced to standard Broadway, but there is greater congeniality between Brecht and Broadway than might at first seem likely. His excessive didacticism can hardly seem unusual to an audience whose lapels have been clung to by message-heavy American playwrights for years. If what he has to say should turn out to be a little too tough for the audience to swallow—not that I think it is—there is a defensive tradition in Broadway audiences that provides for selective hearing, the kind of sugar-coating that converted *The Madwoman of Chaillot,* for instance, into something simply charming. Nor do the technical devices used in *Mother Courage* seem strange to audiences that have grown accustomed to the domestication of expressionist techniques in American plays and musicals; after the television scene in *Sweet Bird of Youth,* not even the gigantic cycloramic screen comes as a surprise. Instead it comes as an annoyance. It is possible as an ice-cold, undifferentiated background to the scenes, but—doctrinaire Epic Theatre or not—when it carries blown-up reminders that the war in *Mother Courage* is a metaphor for all wars it is pedagogical foolishness: you see, son, *Hamlet* is not *really* about Denmark . . .

These characteristics of Brecht's plays and Brechtian production are important, but they are surface; there are other difficulties at the heart of his work. The production of *Mother Courage* is unusual in that almost everyone in it is good (occasionally good in an odd way as when Barbara Harris, as the aging camp follower, seems to be imitating Elsa Maxwell imitating Charles Laughton) although, in the end, they manage to elicit nothing—from me, at least—more than the most distant interest.

The deficiencies are as much Brecht's as they are those of the production. His kind of play writing—in which he sacrifices character and plot to idea, in which he strings together dramatic or comic episodes like so many illustrations in a lecture—makes empathy impossible. He does this consciously, of course, because too close an identification with or sympathy for Mother Courage might make the audience feel her pain without recognizing what she is, why she is that way, and what might be done to escape the conditions that create her. Every scene in *Mother Courage* says that war is both horrible and profitable (more horrible because it is profitable) and that those people (Mother Courage) who have the most to lose from it (her children) also batten on it. The play says this directly, bluntly, repetitiously; it sings it (unfortunately to Paul Dessau's music rather than to Weill's); it repeats it in comic turns and illustrates it in sentimental or melodramatic bits. Only a few lines, a few moments of action—usually comic ones—worked for me.

At least two of the sentimental scenes were well conceived to elicit an audience response even if it was a response that was to be cut short, turned back in on itself in the next scene. In one, Mother Courage scolds her mute daughter, insists that she cares more for her wagon than her child, but as she does so she feeds the girl great spoonfuls of soup. Judging by the published script in *Seven Plays,* the business is the director's invention. The other scene is clearly Brecht's. In it, the daughter, horrified that an attack will slaughter little children, beats her drum to warn the town until she is shot down and falls, still pounding. Although Bentley calls this "possibly the most powerful scene, emotionally, in twentieth-century drama," it seems to me a fairly standard melodramatic scene; I saw it a few weeks ago on the Late Show when Gunga Din mounted to the temple roof and kept blowing his trumpet until he was cut down by Thug bullets, but not before he warned the British troops that they were marching into a trap. Judging by the applause that followed each of these scenes in *Mother Courage,* some of the audience was conventionally moved. That may be the production's success. That the rest of us were not moved may be Brecht's success, for we presumably were never involved more than intellectually. Given the simplicity of what he has to say, the success rings a little hollow.

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BOOKS

Lafayette, Where Are We?

GEORGE STEINER

ON REVOLUTION, by Hannah Arendt. *Viking. $6.50.*

In her anatomy of revolution, Miss Arendt distinguishes between the political scientist, who is at home in metaphysics and theoretic argument, and the historian, who "is a story-teller." The arrogant innocence of this discrimination tells much about Miss Arendt's cast of mind. No one writing about politics today surpasses her in sheer virtuosity of abstraction. But her lack of historical sensibility, of respect for the obstinate chaos and vitality of mere fact, cuts deep. In this important, fascinating book, it comes near to disabling the merits of the argument.

Miss Arendt assumes that the nuclear stalemate has made wars less likely. This is probable, though the potential dissemination of nuclear weapons of different power among various nations makes the question more intricate than she allows. Nevertheless, she may well be right in asserting that revolutions will embody the major conflicts and collective energies of our age. Her book is an analysis of the structure of revolution in the light of the American and the French precedents. It adheres to the tone and strategy of Montesquieu, in that it seeks to deduce essential theoretic and predictive norms from specific historical examples.

But it adds a technique distinctive of Miss Arendt's entire work: the philology of political discourse, the attempt to find in the history and semantics of political terms the original intent or deficiences of insight of those who first used them. Thus much of her case is argued from the linguistic fact that the very term *revolution* (with its astronomical, Copernican provenance) was not meant to signify overthrow, but rather a return to old rights and stabilities.

To Miss Arendt the French Revolution offers a spectacle of foredoomed historical failure; its "disastrous course" led to the rise of Napoleonic and modern totalitarian authority. The impulse toward rational freedom, discernible in the men of 1789, was defeated by the surge of nationalism and by the overwhelming urgency of the "social question." This is one of Miss Arendt's key terms: it signifies the pursuit of economic well-being by the undisciplined mass of the people. The attempt of the Constituent Assembly to create legislative safeguards for individual freedom, to devise a stable mechanism of representative and delegated responsibility, was abandoned in the face of the hunger of the mob. The Jacobins strove for happiness and social equality, not for political liberty. "The direction of the French Revolution was deflected almost from its beginning . . . through the immediacy of suffering; it was determined by the exigencies of liberation not from tyranny but from necessity . . . The lawlessness of the 'all is permitted' sprang here still from the sentiments of the heart whose very boundlessness helped in the unleashing of a stream of boundless violence."

This violence marks to the core the legacy of 1789 and of Robespierre. The economic and class demands unleashed by the irruption into politics of the Paris mob—the access of the destitute to the arena of political debate—initiated the chain reaction of nationalism and revolution throughout the nineteenth century, and gave ultimate shape to Leninism. The tactical hypocrisies and masked absolutism of Robespierre and Saint-Just have reached a kind of perfection in the Bolshevik dictatorships. Instead of liberating men from tyranny, the French Revolution and its successors merely replaced hereditary absolutism by the absolutism of "self-styled representatives of the people." At best, these have been bureaucratic dreamers; at worst, they have been Stalins.

By signal contrast, "The direction of the American Revolution remained committed to the foundation of freedom and the establishment of lasting institutions, and to those who acted in this direction nothing was permitted that would have been outside the range of civil law." The American Revolution had the immense good luck of occurring in a country unburdened by mass poverty, and among men who had a wide experience of self-government. It sprang from a struggle against limited monarchy, and could draw on a rich, justifying precedent of constitutional and legal practice. Thus the Founding Fathers were never tempted to derive law and power from the same origin. The seat of power to them was the people, but the source of law was to become an objective thing, a written document—the Constitution. In fact, the American Revolution did little more than bring into the open the assumptions of self-government, of private rights, and of delegated administrative functions, that were already articulate in colonial life. Here was revolution in what Miss Arendt considers the true sense: a return to ancient, carefully defined liberties. Hence the radical conservatism of such men as Dickinson and John Adams.

THE American Revolution has, however, failed to transmit its central legacy. This legacy was expressed in Jefferson's plea: "Divide the counties into wards." By this he sought to stress the indispensable role of local politics in the continued life of the republic. Only by constant, informed participation in local affairs, he believed, could the citizen be trained toward leadership and the apprehension of larger, national issues. From the ward, through proper avenues of education and deepening awareness, the spokesmen of democracy would ascend to the national stage. The Jeffersonian ward was to be the "space of freedom," in which the private individual assumed the privileges and duties of political reason. They were the "market place" crucial to the Athenian ideal of rational democracy. Without them, democracy would decline to the unwieldy rule of the demagogue and the bureaucrat. Where this has happened

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in the United States, where private citizens have shut their doors against the just claims of political life, abandoning effective power to rootless professionals or the machine, Miss Arendt feels that the "treasure of the American Revolution has been lost."

Though deplorable, that loss is surely less dangerous than the evils loosed upon history by Robespierre and the mobs of 1793. Yet "the French Revolution, which ended in disaster, has made world history, while the American Revolution, so triumphantly successful, has remained an event of little more than local importance." It is, Miss Arendt concludes, "a strange and sad story."

No doubt. But isn't all this largely a fable? Miss Arendt's reading of the French Revolution is so selective as to end in nearly total distortion. She all but disregards the tremendous liberation—social, economic, psychological—that brought human dignity to millions of men who had been, under the *ancien régime,* mere chattels. According to Fox, the events of 1789 were the "happiest" in history because they allowed human beings, whatever their station, to look upon themselves with a new sense of individual worth. It was because the French Revolution freed innumerable men, first in France, but then across Europe, from serfdom and ghetto, from the exactions of feudal privilege and from helplessness before the law, that its very language and legend became an enduring symbol of man's political hope.

In all but a casual, grotesquely inadequate aside, Miss Arendt ignores the cardinal fact that the French Revolution started by proclaiming the end of all hereditary economic or social servage—whereas the American Revolution was careful to leave intact the edifice of slavery and racial inequality. *That,* and not any devious metaphysics of law or violence, is the reason why the French Revolution meant far more to history than the Declaration of Independence; *that* is why it continues as a live force even among those who have fought France in Africa and Asia.

It is the obvious glory—not the defect—of the French Revolution to have recognized that political freedom and the exercise of political responsibility are inseparable from questions of economic well-being, that leisure and the possession of essential material comforts are inalienable from the root concept of political maturity. Miss Arendt's distinction between "happiness" and "freedom" is an ingenious, but, at bottom, frivolous quibble. One sees its effect on her fine intelligence when she is able to speak of "the relatively comfortable and undisturbed jails of the various *anciens régimes.*" Has she paused, for a moment, to remember the bastilles of the eighteenth century, the casemates of the Peter-and-Paul fortress, the Spielberg, in which men who dared speak out against tyranny literally rotted to death?

To proclaim that the French Revolution ended in "disastrous failure" is, of course, absurd. There is hardly any aspect of our personal and family lives, of the relations between private persons and the law, of the care and education of children, of the responsibilities of employer toward workman, in which the ideals and practices—however imperfect—of the French Revolution have not borne fruit. Above all, the declaration of rights of August, 1789, initiated the modern vision of human responsibility and interdependence. It asserted, as the Founding Fathers were most careful not to, that no man can be wholly free so long as there are slaves left anywhere; that there will be a part of famine in each man's house so long as there is hunger outside his door or across the border of his country. That was the concept which electrified men. We are trying to realize it still.

Persistently, Miss Arendt's powerful abstract design jars against plain historical fact. She writes: "The reason why the conflict between king and parliament in France resulted in such an altogether different outcome from the conflict between the American constituted bodies and the government of England lies exclusively in the totally different nature of these constituted bodies." *Exclusively?* Even a moment's thought about the contrasting geographical positions, about the fact that France was surrounded by hostile monarchies and that national wars were an immediate correlative of liberation at home, should show that this statement is untenable.

But it is not the scorn for the complications and import of homely fact, the invariable preference of the theoretic word over the historical deed, that is most disturbing. It is the sad scorn for man, for what the great German philosopher Ernst Bloch has called "the principle of hope." Among the shapers of the French Revolution only Sieyès receives Miss Arendt's approval; one could select no more cynical figure.

Miss Arendt seems to be working, with her formidable arsenal of knowledge and insight, toward a kind of Burkeian Toryism, with overtones of nostalgia for an agrarian, hierarchic society of freeholders and eloquent town councils. Because they can be beasts, men might best be treated as children. Throughout this brilliant but oddly cruel book the heart is damned. This may be a necessary, salutary part of Miss Arendt's classicism, of her indictment of Rousseau. But even Pascal (and no one has had a more wary, astringent vision of man's infirmity) reminds us that the reasons of reason are only half the truth.

His Heart Belongs to Dada

HILTON KRAMER

Self Portrait, by Man Ray. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $7.95.*

The lives of some artists take on, in retrospect, a quality of myth, less because they dominate their environment than because they are dominated by it. Such artists tend not to be the strongest or most original personalities of their period, and their work is perhaps less an expression than a symptom of the experience on which it was formed, but they come nonetheless to represent something essential about a style and its period just because they were so responsive to its inner momentum and so little concerned to impose any decisive vision of their

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own on the direction it was taking. Their principal gift seems to consist of a cheerful ability to submit to new aesthetic currents without encountering the least resistance from their own personal culture or beliefs, an ability perhaps to dispense with personal culture altogether and commit their energies without hesitation to the new ideas of the moment.

Among the first generation of modern artists in America—those who came of age at the time of the Armory Show and who thereafter, whether they managed to live there or not, looked to Paris as the art capital of the world—Man Ray is notable both for the speed and vigor with which he adopted the most radical stylistic innovations and for the nonetheless rather dim impression his long career has left on modern art as a whole. He was one of the few Americans who really entered into the spirit of the original Dada movement, and he afterwards participated in the great surrealist escapades of the 1920's and 1930's in Paris. Yet his work has remained more interesting for its historical and documentary character than for its intrinsic artistic distinction. And now, with the publication of his memoirs, his life, too, is stamped with this quality of period mythology without ever quite establishing itself as a credible reality.

MAN RAY'S CAREER has indeed been amazing, and it is of a kind that many other artists (not only in America) must have yearned for and yet scarcely dared to realize—a career given over almost entirely to avant-garde ideas and Bohemian pleasures. As set down in these memoirs, his life unfolds as a paradigm of what still passes in popular fantasy as the characteristic biography of the modern artist, a life well supplied with beautiful girls, bright celebrities, outrageous (but somehow successful) ideas, and delightful scandals. If at times it all seems too good to be true, it may be that the world—the art world no less than the humbler purlieus—has become a duller, grayer place in the interim. Or it may be that Man Ray shows a remarkable inability to recall anything but the most delightful and historic moments (the moments he, at least, regards as delightful and historic) out of his own past. Like many avowedly "frank" autobiographies, his *Self Portrait* remains oddly reticent behind its gay display of history, gossip, and self-revelation.

Born in Philadelphia in 1890, Man Ray grew up in Brooklyn, attended art school in Manhattan (Henri and Bellows were among his teachers), and drifted very early into the typical life of the young and aspiring artist in New York at the turn of the century, a life of dull jobs (mostly in commercial art), high ambition, and narrow culture. His meetings with Stieglitz and then Marcel Duchamp marked the crucial turning points in his development. Both served to liberate him from his parochial background and training by opening up the world of modern European art for the first time. Stieglitz's importance was twofold; he was both the first to show the modern art of Europe in New York, even before the Armory Show, at his "291" gallery, and he was also a pioneer in promoting a far loftier view of photography as a fine art than was then common even in advanced artistic circles. His magazine, *Camera Work,* was a good deal more elegant than the art periodicals of that time (or of this). In both respects Stieglitz's influence had a lasting effect on the career of Man Ray, whose view of art has remained throughout his life that of a committed and narrow modernist—he notes in this book that he lived in Paris for years before venturing into the Louvre—and who has long divided his artistic interests between painting and photography.

His *Self Portrait* is, in fact, full of nervous references to this division of interests. Alternatively boastful and deprecating about his accomplishments in photography, uneasy that his readers might either underestimate his photographic work or, even worse, praise it at the expense of his painting, he seems never to have completely accepted the photographic medium in his own mind as an art really equal to painting. Yet he can be ludicrously adamant—as he is repeatedy in these memoirs—in attacking unnamed critics who have sensed this equivocation in his work. By his own account, he took

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up photography more as an economic than as an artistic activity. When his painting grew more unconventional under the influence of Dadaist ideas, and sales became fewer and fewer, he came to rely entirely on portrait photography for his living. Once involved, he experimented a good deal, making photographic abstractions and eventually producing some Dadaist movies, but as a photographer his fame derives almost entirely from his work as a portraitist of cultural celebrities.

If his encounter with Stieglitz bequeathed to Man Ray this double interest in modernist painting and photography, his encounter with Duchamp was undoubtedly the single most decisive event in his life as an artist. He met Duchamp in America shortly after the latter's *Nude Descending a Staircase* had caused a sensation at the Armory Show. By that time Duchamp had already turned his back on the postimpressionist and cubist styles he had practiced in Paris. He was about to give up the practice of art altogether, but for the moment was deeply involved in his last artistic productions—machines and ready-made industrial objects, which, under the stimulus of Dadaist notions, were taken to have superior aesthetic value just because they had not been created as works of art.

For Man Ray—and for many later exponents of this anti-art position—the problem lay in how one could effect an artistic production while remaining loyal to a philosophy that seemed to preclude the whole idea of producing art. Man Ray's solution was the one that all artists of this persuasion have followed ever since. He adopted many of the formal ideas that had been worked out in more conventional painterly styles and executed them in unconventional materials, mainly the materials he had learned to use as a commercial artist. As an artistic innovation it was fundamentally superficial, a matter of surface effects rather than formal invention, but it caused a sensation at the time—and it still does.

When Man Ray arrived in Paris on Bastille Day, 1921, Duchamp met him at the station and immediately installed him in a hotel room just vacated by Tristan Tzara, the high

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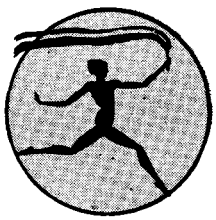

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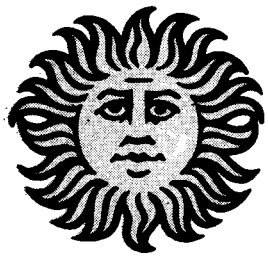

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priest of Dada. Thereafter, for two decades, he moved in the dazzling aura of the Dadaists and surrealists and the wealthy bohemians and aristocrats who patronized their famous high jinks. He knew everyone and did everything, and yet it all somehow remains rather dim in his own account. Here is a man whose intimate friends for decades have been Picasso and Duchamp, a man whose artistic companions for years comprised some of the most brilliant and original French poets of modern times, and who yet writes his autobiography in a style more suitable to the memoirs of the retired president of some Chamber of Commerce. Though his heart belongs to Dada, his *Self Portrait* belongs to the conventional genre of self-important memoirs by celebrities who have "made it" historically. As a document, it is not without interest, but as with many of Man Ray's works, the interest is only historical—a symptom of the times they summarize rather than a genuine expression of them.

Men, Women, And Others

VIRGILIA PETERSON

ASCENT OF WOMAN, by Elizabeth Mann Borgese. *Braziller. $5.*

Books by women about women follow fast upon each other's heels and, whether inflamed or hortatory, dull or brilliant, everyone reads them since woman's place in today's world seems to be as yet undefined. The latest of these books is undoubtedly the weirdest of the lot.

In this general discussion of the biological, sociological, and psychological role of the female in evolution, the only personal anecdote the author permits herself is in the last chapter where she tells how she and her brother, aged three and two, respectively, and dressed alike with identical haircuts, were summoned to the family tea table one afternoon to meet their parents' guests, and their mother, to amuse herself, asked the assembled company to guess which

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was the boy and which the girl. One of the ladies pointed unerringly at the brother. "This one is the boy," she said. "He looks more serious." According to Mrs. Borgese, the remark "dug a little wound" into her "little brain" and "the wound grew as the brain grew." From then on, she became seriouser and seriouser. Perhaps her trauma has been worked out in the writing of this book. For it proves beyond a shadow of doubt that she is as serious as any man.

A daughter of Thomas Mann, Mrs. Borgese comes by her seriousness honestly enough. There should be no cause for surprise at the Olympian stand she takes nor at the scholarship she displays. But there might be legitimate cause for surprise at the lengths to which her seriousness eventually carries her.

Mrs. Borgese does not agree with Marynia Farnham or with Margaret Mead or for that matter with Freud (all of whom are serious) that it is in the role of wife and mother that woman finds her highest fulfillment. She does, however, agree with Simone de Beauvoir (who is also serious) in conceding the historic evidence of women's inferiority. Historic evidence notwithstanding, she believes in her heart that this inferiority is a temporary, evolutionary happenstance, not an irreversible biological fact. The task she has set herself in this book, therefore, is to reconcile the evidence with her belief. "I am going to write this book," she declares at the outset, "for my own justification, and for that of all liberal, progressive, and optimistic men and women alike who hold that men and women are born with equal rights and equal possibilities."

TO PERFORM this feat of rationalization, she begins, as did Mlle. de Beauvoir, with the cell and the egg before sexual differentiation. Then she moves on to insects, fish, birds, worms, snails, and mammals among which the female has the power. These furnish her with what she regards as a firm basis for her two main arguments: that sex was originally an acquired characteristic "triggered off by external factors," and that wherever and whenever creatures or people live in collectively organized societies, the female

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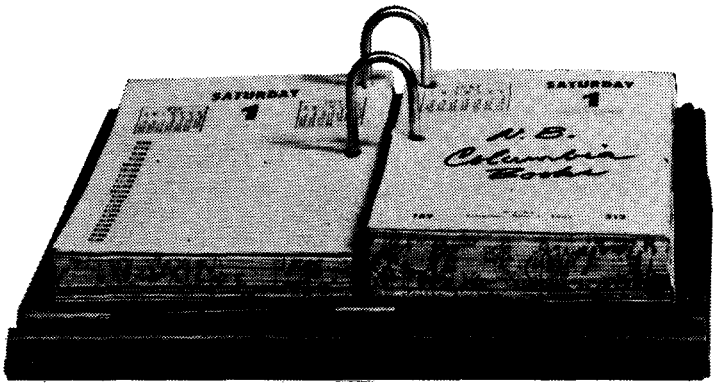
runs things. It is only, she argues, when group formations disintegrate and become highly individualized that the male takes over. Thus competition and conflict can be said to be largely masculine (though some men might not say so), while the herd instinct and the impulse to cooperate are strictly feminine (though again some men might not say so). Her argument, if brought to its logical conclusion, would indicate that the male stands for darkness and chaos and the female for light and order. But of course she does not carry her argument that far, since she would thereby be proving not the equality of male and female but the inferiority—or at least the essential destructiveness—of the male.

Although Mrs. Borgese's approach to the time-honored contention over a woman's role is certainly as serious as that of Mlle. de Beauvoir in *The Second Sex,* her arguments are not as well marshalled nor is her material as comprehensive. She is less pedantic and more predatory. Pillaging the philosophers—from Plato to Darwin, from St. Augustine to Havelock Ellis and Huxley, from Sir Thomas More to John Stuart Mill and Lenin, from Euripides to Rousseau to Riesman—she relies more on quotations of their generalities than on established scientific fact. Much of her material seems to be only tenuously related to the argument and some of it almost irrelevant. But nothing daunted, she uses it as a springboard from which to leap into the blue beyond.

Mrs. Borgese believes that the modern trend toward collective societies is an unconscious evolutionary step toward a new biological mutation. She believes that the human species is moving, now that conflict has become too dangerous to risk, into an era of post-individualist cooperation and that since co-operation is woman's role, the female will once again, as in pre-individualist times, take the lead. We have already crossed the threshold, she believes, of a Feminine Revolution. "A rather radical reassessment or transformation of moral and social values has taken place," she writes. "The feminine components in each one's individual mind and structure, and in the mind and structure of the collective, have acquired a new preeminence." Woman, therefore, finally airborne, is about to reach her "cruising altitude." The question remains whither she is bound.

In the last chapter of *Ascent of Woman,* Mrs. Borgese offers an answer. Having scanned the classic Utopias in earlier chapters, she proceeds to describe her own. The brave new world, as she foresees it, will be peopled by a "superorganism," scientifically created and nurtured in a deep-freeze. All human beings (if indeed, the adjective may still be applied) will start out as neutrals, becoming female from the age of eighteen to forty-five, male from forty-five to seventy-five and thenceforward neutrals again, but this time neutrals equipped with the experience of both sexes, neutrals constituting an elite, an archpriesthood, repository of the wisdom of the race.

A wilder flower than Mrs. Borgese's Utopia could scarcely be imagined. But its root is suspiciously familiar. It looks very much like woman's ineradicably serious envy of the freedom and the power and the glory that for whatever reason—whether acquired, inherited or merely seized—have so long been man's.



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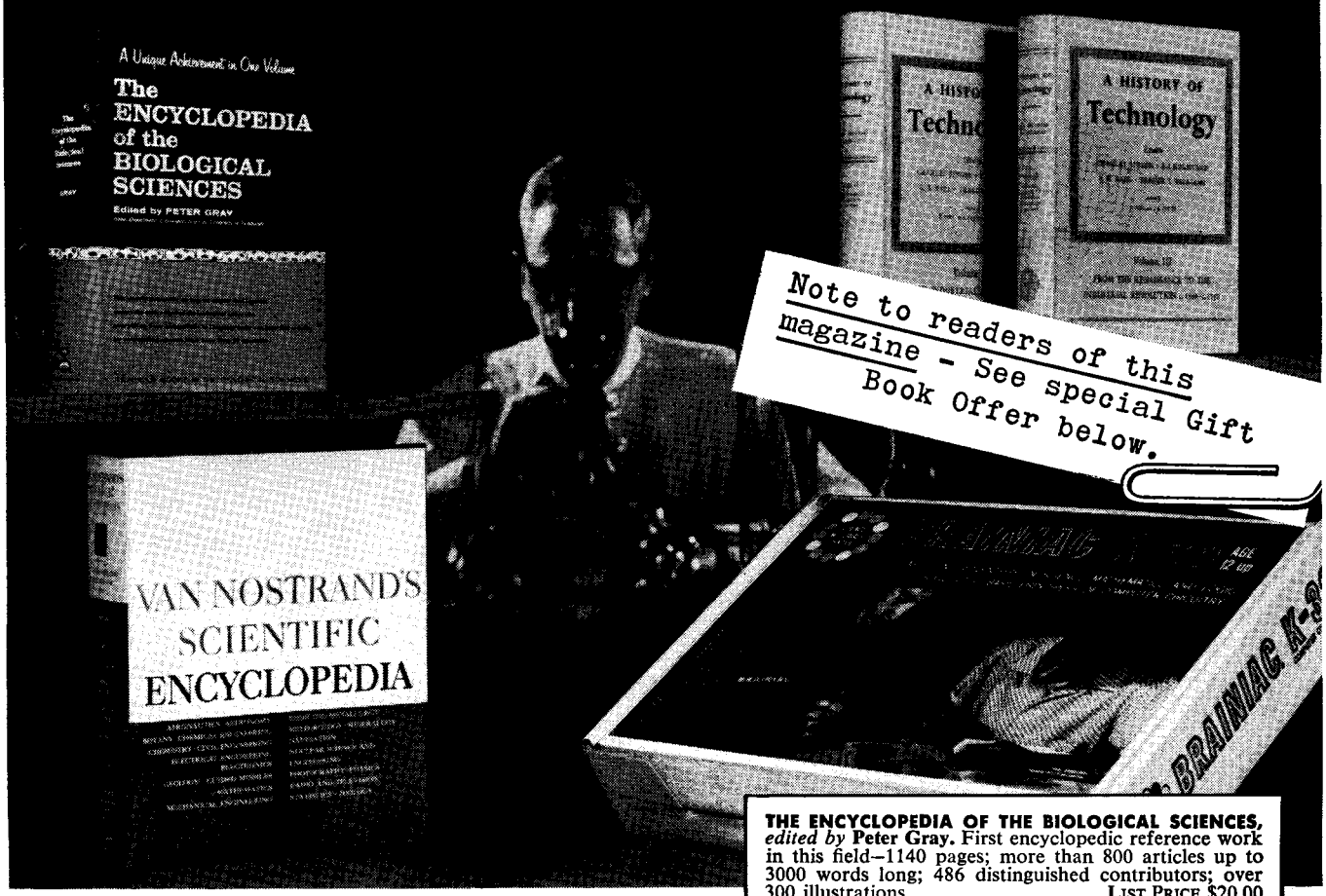
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